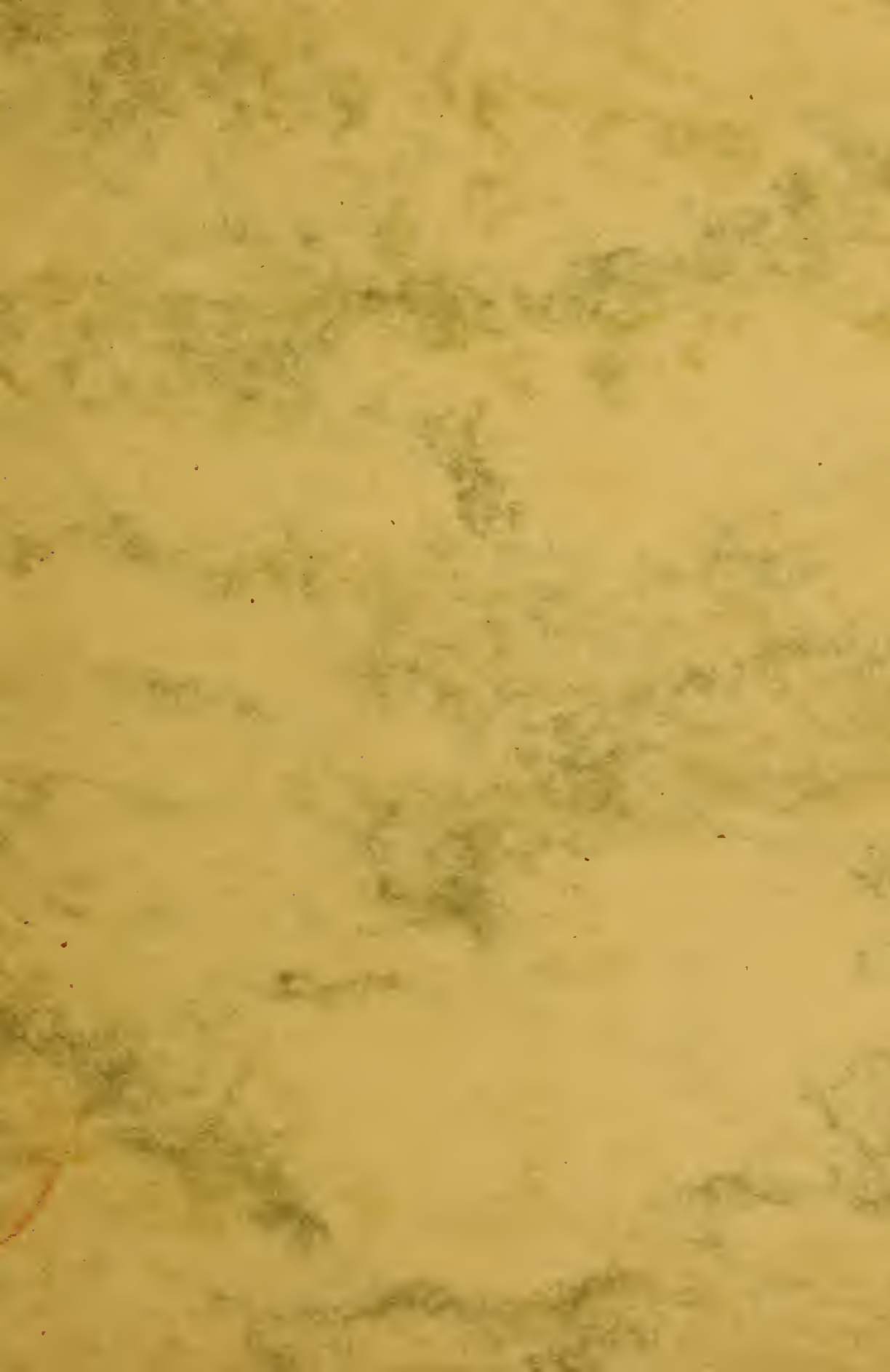


Emersonian







1913



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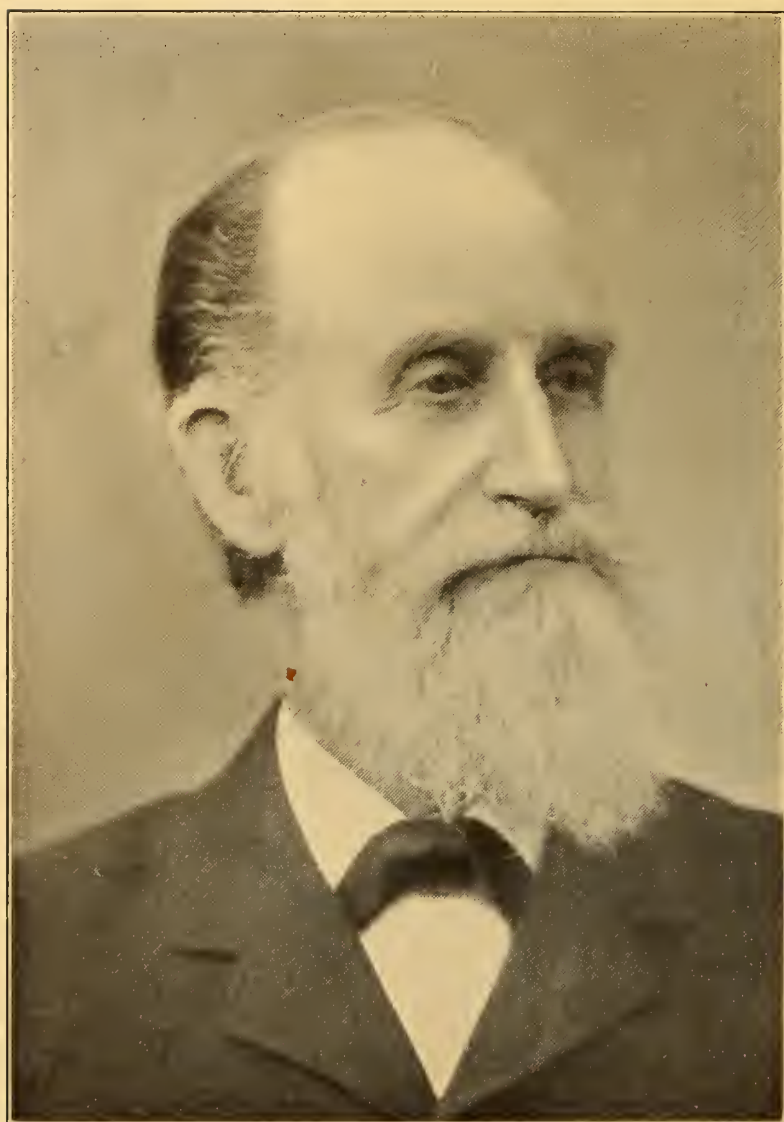
VOLUME VI

PUBLISHED BY

THE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS



To "Popsy"

whose gruff kindness and gentle fatherliness
have endeared him to everyone in Emerson. In
appreciation of his constant services and willing
response to the demands made upon him by all
of us in his chosen task, we dedicate this volume
as a token of esteem to

Issachar H. Eldridge

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Our Teachers

who have helped us, by giving expression to our undeveloped potentialities, to find our true selves and in the finding, to fit ourselves to carry on their vital work of soul culture.

Through the incidental tasks which must needs be tedious, they have persevered, giving us guidance and direction in the path of Life until we have reached the threshold of that hall of service where we may try to carry out their precepts.

They have taught us the supreme value of personality linked with training, to hold high the standard of expert ability joined with personal inspiration.



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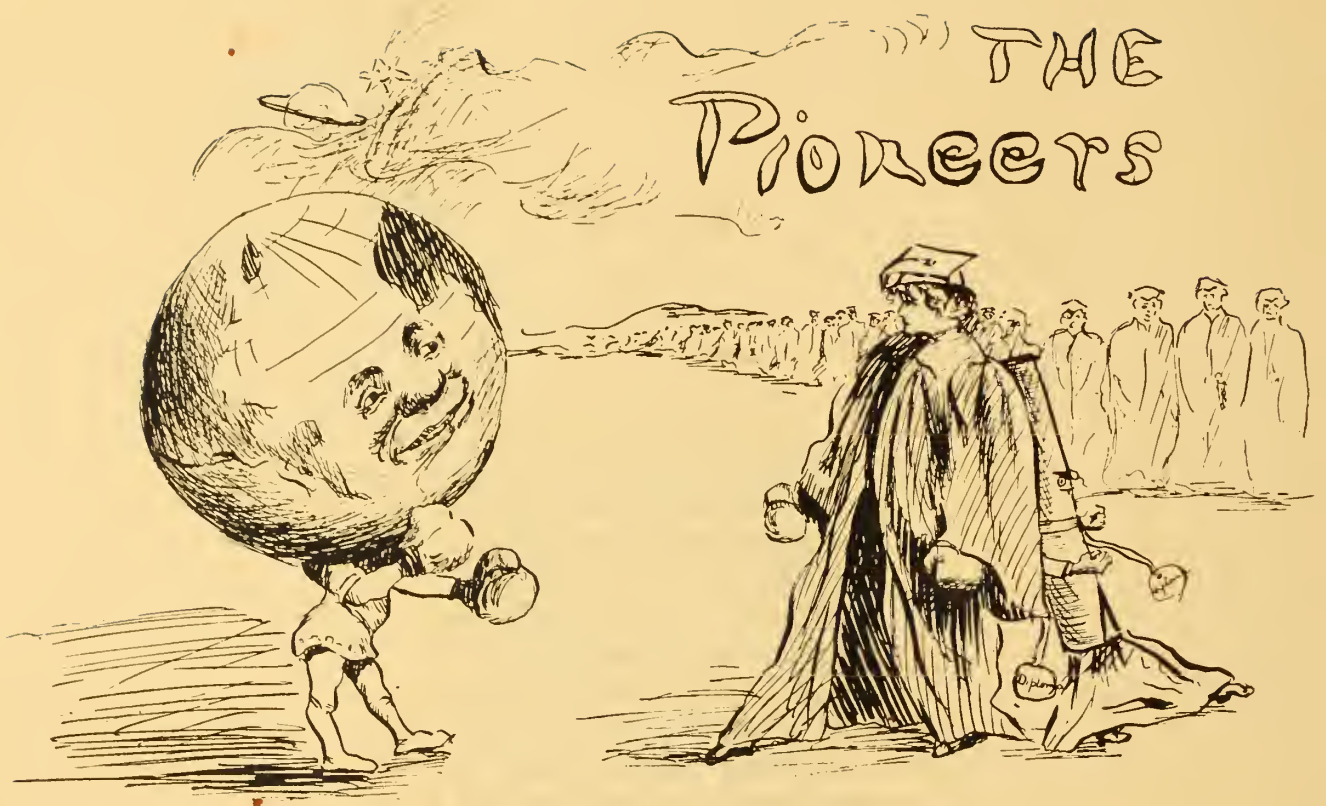


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CLASS COLORS

Red and White

CLASS FLOWER

Carnation

CLASS CHEER

Chic-a Chac-a Chie
Chic-a Chac-a Cho
Nineteen Thirteen
E. C. O.

Seniors

Lo! Look
and you shall
behold an array
of faces which have
seldom before been seen
altogether in one group.
Ah, yes, ask the President
of the Senior Class how many
times she has been able to gather
us all before her. But now, in this
our gallery, we are where we cannot
run away. As you turn the pages you
catch us unawares, and no longer can
rehearsals be our plea for escape. No, we
are here, looking our best, too, and it is
thus we would have you remember us,
for after our trials and tribulations of
Commencement, we shall not look
so inspiring as we do now.
So, turn, Inquisitor! and let
the fullness of our faces, the
lustre of our eyes and
calm repose of manner
remain in your mem-
ory as typifying
the brilliant and
capable class of

1913



AMELIA MYRL GREEN,
St. John, New Brunswick, Canada

Class President, '13

Amelia Green, oh who has seen
A dearer, sweeter girl?
Would that all Life's announcements
Could be made by Myrl.

A Model Girl

FREDERICK R. DIXON,
South Gastonbury, Vermont

He was one of the men of our Senior Class,
You know we had but two,
But we used him to advantage
As Bianca in "The Shrew."



Funny Romeo Doings



MARY ELLEN SHAMBACH,
Espy, Pennsylvania

President of Student Association, '13
Class Treasurer, '13

It's a lovely name, is Mary—
And she is truly named;
For she was the living presence
Of that for which we aimed.

Makes Everything Satisfactory

MARTHA LELA CAREY,
Lumberville, Pennsylvania

Class Secretary, '13
Stunt Committee, '12
Prom Committee, '12
Assistant Editor-in-Chief of Year Book, '13

Like to a delicate blue harebell,
Deep-rooted with strength of stem,
And a fragrance ever reaching
To the hearts of her fellowmen.



Magnanimous, Loyal, Conscientious

RHEA EVALYNN ASHLEY, ΔΔΦ
Middletown, New York

Class Vice-President, '10

She was the one with the big brown eyes,
Hair with a bit of curl,
Gazing from under the shepherdess hat,
Just a bewitching girl.



Recitals Ever Appalling

LILLIAN MARIE ANNE, ΔΔΦ
Barron, Wisconsin

Junior Stunt Committee, '12

Lovely Lady Lillian,
Ready to make excuse,
Somehow with the hearts of men,
She played the very deuce.



Liked Matinees Awfully



INEZ WASHBURN BASSETT,
Middleboro, Massachusetts

If you're looking for a reader,
Inez Bassett knows a store,
For she's known here at the College,
As "the girl with the repertoire."

Interesting While Bostoning

ELIZABETH LORRAINE BEATTIE KTX
Rochester, New York

Ah, our Betty sure is Irish,
As her rich color shows;
She's a big heart and beauty and talent,
That everybody knows.



Erin's Laughing Belle



LAURA ELIZABETH BELL. ZFH
Enosburg Falls, Vermont

Bessie Bell from cold Vermont,
With her piquant pug of hair,
Was ever ready for a romp
An' wouldn't take a dare.

Loves Every Body

MARY F. BLANCHET,
Manchester, New Hampshire

As Araminta with ruffles and curls,
With wiggles and giggles, too,
She played her part in the Garrick play,
With a touch that sure rang true.



Mighty Few Blunders

DISA ELEANOR BRACKETT, ΦΜΓ
Roxbury, Massachusetts

Student Council, '11
Chairman of Junior Prom, '12
Commencement Committee, '13

Now, what do you think of Disa,
In giving us such a shock,
She must place her own name in Brackets for sure,
And take Allen in wedlock.



Deserves Eternal Bliss

HELEN BREWER, ΦΜΓ
Bar Harbor, Maine

Class Treasurer, '11, '12
Prom Committee, '12

There's such a charm about her,
We couldn't get on without her,
Her ways boyish, mad, and bold.
Strung upon a thread of gold.



Heart Breaker



ETHEL CURRIE BROOKS,
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Prom Committee, '12

Mrs. Brooks deserted her books,
A college bride to be;
Wonder if she'll stop as Senior
Or come back as a P. G.

Eloping College Bride

LILLIAN MARIE BROWN,

Massachusetts

"Bud" we were wont to call her,
She won out in comedy stroke,
Her first success was Chrysos,
And her last a Rev. joke.



Laughing, Mischievous "Bud"



ALLENE BUCKHOUT,

Ossining, New York

Chairman Stunt Committee, '12
Magazine Board, '12
Y. W. C. A. Vice-President '12
Stunt Committee, '13
Secretary Students' Association, '13
Business Manager of Year Book, '13

Mighty frank, I tell you what,
But underneath somewhere,
There's a touch of poetry,
That makes her mighty fair.

Astoundingly Brainy

LILLIAN R. CARLEN,
 Winthrop Centre, Massachusetts
 Endowment Committee, '12
 Prom Committee, '12

Lady Lillian dines at the Plaza,
 To opera and theatre goes,
 If dramatics is your subject,
 It's Lillian who always knows.



Likes Rich Chaps



LILLIAN LEE CLARK, Niantic, Connecticut
 Endowment Committee, '11
 Stunt Committee, '13
 Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '13
 Magazine Reporter, '13

His name is ever on her lips,
 Yes, ever and anon—
 But will anybody tell me
 Just who is this man, "John"?

Likely Literary Contributor

MABELLE MAXINE CLOW,
 Rochester, New Hampshire

An arm and a hand in a curvèd line,
 A body poised on two small feet,
 A dizzying dance, and a ballet gown,
 And you see this maid complete.



Manipulating Much Coquetry



MARY A. CODY,

Cambridge, Massachusetts

Class Vice-President, '12
Class Marshal, '12
Commencement Committee, '13

She's as sweet and neat and simple
As a daisy in the sun,
"Yet what a queenly Marshal!"
Was the comment from everyone.

Manages Any Concern

J. ETHELWYNN CUNNINGHAM,

Toronto, Canada

There is something very lovely
In this versatile maid from the North;
We wonder which of Life's games she'll win,
This pretty, pouty Ethelwynn.



Judiciously Expressed Comradeship



JESSIE ISABELLE DALTON,

Long Branch, New Jersey

Class President, '11
Stunt Committee, '11
Student Council, '12
Editor-in-Chief of Year Book, '13

From college infancy to college old age,
We have somehow waited for "Jess"
To jump to her feet with words of advice,
In our moments of direst distress.

Jolly, Impulsive, Domestic

J. DOCIA DODD,

Vaughn, Washington

Oh, yes, Docia loved the sweetheart role,
She impassioned it for sure,
But we owe lots to Docia,
True prophecies and—figure.



Joyfully Doing Duties



Let X = Dainty Dresser

X. DRUSCILLA DODSON,

Burns, Oregon

Some rich treasures were given you, Drucie,
When into this world you came,
But everyone of us wonders
Who gave you your funny name.

BERNICE MILDRED DURGIN,

Strafford, New Hampshire

What a service you did render
To the girls in Normal Class,
By the way you kept the roll call,
But that's what let some pass.



Beyond Much Description



DOROTHY ELDERDICE, A. B., ZΦH
Westminster, Maryland

Dorothy, rosy cheeked maiden,
We'll remember you the best,
As winning the first prize offered
For the annual story contest.

Delightful, Enthusiastic

ALICE LOVE ESMOND, ΔΔΦ
Oneonta, New York

I know a girl with a heart of gold,
And a mind that acts as but few,
And I know that I'll always remember her
And love her well. Won't you?



Aesthetic Little Elf



ALICE MAY FAULKNER, KTX
Lewiston, Maine

Alice went three years to the B. U.
When she first came down from Maine,
Then she was very retiring,
Now she raises Cain.

A Merry Funmaker

EVA ELEANOR FELKER,

Burlington, Iowa

Poor little Eva! She would insist
That her voice was a horrid one;
And when all vowed it wasn't so,
She still thought them making fun.



Ever-Eating Fiji



CAROLINE WOODS FERRIS,

Los Angeles, California

At college her theatric instinct
Has won her a world of fame,
But otherwheres that same instinct
Is called by another name.

Cumbered With Fascinations

ABBIE MAY FOWLER, ΔΔΦ

Rome, New York

Stunt Committee, '11
Chairman of Junior Week, '12

Blonde hair, dressed high and a stunning gown,
As stunning as ever you've seen;
In the realm of social life and whirl.
She was a very queen.



A Majestic Figure



BERTHA F. M. GORMAN,
Charlottetown, P. E. I., Canada

Ask Bert to learn a dozen lines,
She has trouble to memorize,
But let her make the whole thing up,
And at once she'll improvise.

Been Fortunate, Much Gain

EMILE ROUNSEVEL GOSS,
Bernard, Vermont

Associate Editor of Magazine, '12, '13

This good girl we can remember,
As one who was ever kind;
It was she who always kept the names,
Of her sick classmates in mind.



Ever Reaping Good

ALICE GERTRUDE GREEN,
Lakeland, Florida

With thoughts on the Southland (and perhaps
someone else);
For one seldom saw her an hour
Without a monstrous big bouquet,
Or at least one little flower.



A Gracious Giver

CLARA B. GUNDERSON,

Huron, South Dakota

As she was walking in the Gardens
Those late September days,
Her mass of hair more glorious seemed
Beneath the sun's bright rays.



Couldn't Be Graver



LEILA D. HARRIS, ΦΜΓ

Champlain, Illinois

This lady loved her fellowmen;
Loved them all to such excess
That everyone was "Honey,"
(One "Honeyer" we confess).

Loves Dancing Hours

FLORENCE SOUTHWARD HINCKLEY, ΖΦΗ

Everett, Massachusetts

Junior Prom Committee, '12

She's a very little person, you know,
With a voice so sweet and clear and low;
She's a bit of a tease and a bit of a flirt,
But she never says things that really hurt.



Fortune Surely Hovers



HELEN HUBBARD,

Stamford, New York

Class Secretary, '11

Like the morning-glory,
Was this child with the mocking eyes,
Yet down beneath those glances
Something lovely lies.

Happy Hearted

MYRTIE MAY HUTCHINSON, ZΦH

Melrose, Massachusetts

Wasn't it pleasant in those old days,
To look across the aisle,
And see Myrtie sitting there
With her slow sweet smile.



Making Many Happy



NELLA KINGSBURY,

Boston, Massachusetts

I think that everyone of us,
Will remember through all his days
That Nella sought out the good part
In each of us to praise.

Neighborly Kindness

AMY LOYOLA LA VIGNE,

Rochester, New York

She is generally known as attractive,
With a dancing eye and a smile,
But the friends who really know her,
See beneath all, a girl worth while.



A Lovable Lass



HELEN E. LEAVITT, ΔΔΦ

Cambridge, Massachusetts

A most decided person,
With a medical turn of mind,
But if hair and eyes mean anything,
She's some thoughts of another kind.

Harbors Eternal Love

IDA MATILDA LESLIE,

Halifax, N. S., Canada

This girl as a loyal patriot
Is the greatest you ever saw.
On the slightest provocation
She shouts "Canada! Hurrah!"



Indeed Most Logical



RUTH MARGERY WEST, ΦMT

Shelburne, Vermont

She had the sweetest manners,
Yet search the zenith round,
When 'twas time for a rehearsal
West wasn't to be found.

Rushes Mails (?) Wildly

VERA S. MACDONALD, ΔΔΦ

Allston, Massachusetts

She played Romeo and Juliet,
With abandon quite amazing;
Ah, Vera, if you'd always work
You'd set us all a-praising.



Veritable Society Muse



ISABEL L. MACGREGOR,

Riverport, N. S., Canada

A man "who would a-wooing go,"
Might apply to Miss MacGregor,
For Saunders won his lassie so,
And lived in peace forever.

Incorrigible Lively Minx

JEAN MACLATCHY,
Campbellton, N. B., Canada

You remember Jean MacLatchy,
That canny little Scott,
Who read those lines for Mrs. Hicks
The rest of us could not.



Jaunty Maid



ANNA MAUDE MACLEAN,
Charlottetown, P. E. I., Canada

Another Canadian damsel
Is our Maude with demure little ways;
"None knew her but to love her,
None named her but to praise."

A Mild Miss

JESSIE MACKENZIE MATHESON,
Plainfield, N. S., Canada

Class Secretary, '12
Y. W. C. A. Secretary, '12
President Y. W. C. A., '13

There's a memory very tender,
That comes to mind with Jean,
A something that's felt within you,
But seldom if ever seen.



Jovial Merry Mortal



PHYLLIS L. MOOREHEAD,

Indiana, Pennsylvania

A glance at this fair maiden,
With her happy, smiling face,
And we understand why Phyllis
Means simplicity and grace.

Pretty Little Maiden

OLIVE OLGA NEWTON, ZΦH

Athol, Massachusetts

She had such pretty color,
And a mighty winning way;
You know hers was the leading part
In the commencement play.



Our Own Nonpareil



EVELYN REES NORCROSS,

Washington, District of Columbia

Chairman Stunt Committee, '13

A literary lass, indeed,
Witness the Senior stunt,
One who in the world of letters
Is sure to reach the front.

Elicits Real Notability

EVELYN CATHERINE OALKERS, KFX
North Tonawanda, New York

Junior Stunt Committee, '11
Senior Stunt Committee, '12
Class Secretary, '12
Commencement Committee, '13

"In the morning, oh, so early,"
Her voice sounded down the hall.
She's brim full of life and action
Tho' she isn't very tall.



Exemplary, Capable, Optimistic

PEARL ALDANA PARSLEY,
Williamsburg, Virginia

Secretary of Y. W. C. A., '12
Treasurer of Y. W. C. A., '13

Not always do we find a name
That really suits a girl,
But the fairies must have whispered
When this babe was christened Pearl.



Practical, Amiable, Philosophical

ALICE I. PEARSON,
Newton Centre, Massachusetts

Gracious, graceful Alice,
Pearson was her other name.
When it came to a stage picture
She really deserved a frame.



An Imposing Princess



M. JOSEPHINE PENICK,

Martin, Tennessee*

We all remember her teaching,
Her mental grasp on things;
Her mind disposed of the subject
While we were trying our wings.

Might Join Politics

MARY BOYD PERSINGER, ZΦH
Birmingham, Alabama

"That regal, indolent air she had,
So confident of her charm,"
Yet her smile was sweet, you remember,
Though she didn't mean to harm.



Majestic Beauty Pictured



BLANCHE L. PHILLIPS,

Berkshire, New York

Poor Phipsy! One night of her college life
We know she will not forget—
The night she never went to bed,
Blue Book!!! Romeo and Juliet!!!

Black Lashes Play

LILLIAN PORTER,

Dallas, Texas

Tall she was and very slender,
This story-telling muse,
With a lilting, lighting comedy
That made the powers enthuse.



Loves Pickaninnies (?)



WAYNE W. PUTNAM,

Wooster, Ohio

Cheer Leader, '13

Mr. Putnam came out of the West,
Out of the West where the sun goes down;
And surely no one will ever forget
How he acted in Boston Town.

Women Wait Patiently

ALLIE HALEY RICE,

Riceville, Tennessee

A maid with a voice like Omar
That hinted at tragic woe;
Yet there was fun about her,
She played "Tony," don't you know.



A Haughty Reserve



MARY W. SAFFORD,
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Always thoughtful for the student
That had a hill to climb;
She headed the list for our scholarship fund,
We'll not forget that time.

Marshals Woman Suffrage

CLARA M. THEISEN, ZΦH
Minneapolis, Minnesota

How she tried to be an angel
In the Physical Culture Class!
And how she read "Sister Beatrice,"
In a way not to surpass!



Considers Men Tiresome (?)



EDITH ROSANNA WALTON,
Strandsburg, Pennsylvania

If you want her for rehearsal, she is always there;
If you want her to play "Tony" she assumes a
"Tony" air.
She is ready in recitals or to teach in Normal
Class;
One can truly say of Edith, "A dependable lass."

Ever Ready Waiter

MARJORIE M. WESTCOTT, ZΦH
Richford, New York

Fortunately for Marjorie,
She usually drew a part
That called for a rose and a Meredith curl,
And some business about a heart.



Mysteriously Managed Work



JULIA JEANNETTE WIGGINS,
Jefferson, Iowa

Your "Mrs. H." was clever indeed,
Poor, "would-be" and pompous old soul;
And we quite agreed with Professor Tripp
That you were the best in that rôle.

Justice Judiciously Wrought

ROSE JOHNSON WILLIS, ZΦH
Norfolk, Virginia

A daughter of the South she was,
With chestnut eyes and hair;
We never could explain it—but
We felt sure when Rose was there.



Right Jolly Witch

The Deerslayer



Junior Officers

MILDRED JOHNSON	President
MATTIE RISELEY	Vice-President
SADIE O'CONNELL	Treasurer
LAURA CURTIS	Secretary

CLASS FLOWER

Jonquil

CLASS COLORS

Green and Gold

CLASS CHEER

Rifty, Rafty, Riff Raff
 Chifty, Chafty, Chiff Chaff
 Riff Raff
 Chiff Chaff
 Let us give a horse laff
 Haw———
 Juniors!



Class Statistics

NAME	FUTURE HOPE	BESETTING SIN	INTERESTED IN	REDEEMING VIRTUE
BAILEY, LORRAINE	Teacher of Psychology	Promptness	Science	Piety
BAILEY, ETHEL	Married	Telling tales, especially those of Browning	Eighteen-cent literature note-book	Obliging
BEAN, FLORENCE	Writes like Oscar Wilde	Socialism	Plato	Sedateness
BENNETT, META	Married	Scholarship	Just everything	Pleasing
BERAUD, VIRGINIA	Society Leader	Arguing	Newspaper reporting	Sweetness
BROWN, ALICE	Civil Engineering	Her English lilt	Advancing advanced interpretation	Cute
BURTIN, ISABEL	Dancing Teacher	Her darkey dialect	Florida orange crops	Lovable
CARTER, M. LOUISE	Singing Teacher	Powder	Hot Dogs	Generosity
CHAPMAN, GERTRUDE	Player Queen in Sothern's "Hamlet"	Her new hats	"Pat"	Reading of "Mary Carey"
COGSWELL, THERESA	Stage Setting	Noisy	Dressmaking	Neatness
CURTIS, LAURA	Voice Teacher	Drawling	Ethics	A Canadian
DAHL, SARAH	Teacher of Theto	Laughing and smiling too much	Theto	Conscientious
DEMING, DOROTHEA	Ventriloquist	Forgetting	Her voice	Modesty
DIETRICH, VIVIAN	To grow in mind and body	Concentration	"Her little haves"	Sympathetic
DISHMAN, ARA	To be a "star"	"She is always all there"	Professor Tripp's class	Knowledge
EAMES, HYLIA	Home among the mountains	Tardiness	Men, women and children	Wisdom
GEORGE, HELEN	To come back again	Her kindness	Arts of all sorts	Sweetness
GORDON, ELSIE	To reach the top notch on the ladder of everything	Frankness	Propagation and posterity of E. C. O.	Popularity
GRANT, MARION	To smile like Billiken	Skinnyiness	Prayers	Truth
HARRIS, HILDA	To become a missionary	Goodness	Y. W. C. A. and other unions	Conscientious
IGO, ADELAIDE	To be a fortune teller	Keeping down her ego	Leah and Zander	Simplicity
JACOBI, GERALDINE	To rule at "White House"	Acting—or is it "sipping"?	Day's work	Gesture class conduct
JOHN, MARION	To live forever	Extreme selfishness	Cats	Pink cheeks
JOHNSON, MILDRED	To lead on forever	Standing position	Clubs	Her dancing
JONES, HAZEL	To marry young	Flirting	Male portion of E. C. O.	Accommodating
KENT, ALICE	Principal of Vocal School	"Keeping at it"	"Love among the Ruins"	Perseverance
LYNDON, JUDITH	To be queen of South	She sings	"Warren"	Sincerity
LYONS, MATTIE	Whatever may come	Roaring	"Passer-by"	Trustworthy
McDONOUGH, BERTHA	To act the part of Queen Elizabeth	Her auburn hair	Cheering of E. C. O.	"She loves not man the less but nature more"

McMICHAEL, BELLE	To become an exponent of E. C. O.	Originality	Everything and everybody	She gives more than she receives
MENTZINGER, MARION	Teacher of Vocal Technique	She likes Mr. Kenney's work	Dancing "folk"	Her eyes of blue
MICHAEL, FRIEDA	Anatomy Teacher	Taking our things	Checks of various kinds	Witty
NEWBOLD, FLORENCE	To be a Pantomimist	Sighting—?	Deepening her voice	Breadth of view
O'CONNELL, SADIE	To be a Spanish Dancer	Doing good work	Everybody's pocketbook	A financier of great repute
OWEN, JULIE	To lead a Suffragette parade	Composing Junior songs	Past, present and maybe the future	She sings like a lark and loves one
RELYEA, MAUD	To be tall	Those eyes!	Dramatic Art	She seemeth greater than she is
REYNOLDS, LUCILE	Fountain of Youth	She laughs too much	Explorations	She'll ne'er grow old
ROY, JOHN	Himself	Sentimentality	Evolution of 10-5-1-13	Occasionally attends class
RIDDICK, SUE	Moving Picture Actress	Being "Riddick-ulous"	"Sirs" Speaker	Never talks
RISELY, MATTIE	To inherit Divine Sarah's laurels	Always there with the goods	Pedagogy	Her work in Junior Recitals
SCRINER, STASIA	Anti-fat	Coffee	Letters	She sings
SIMONS, FRANCIS	To dance and dance and dance	Dallying in the Herpsichorean Art	Her hands and feet	Sometimes she doesn't tread the light fantastic
SMITH, HELEN	"To be or not to be"	Vacationing	Emerson	Forgiving those who cut her dances
SPARRELL, DORIS	To be fat	Shopping	Advancement of Technology	Leading the way—for?
STEVENSON, FERN	Lead of Boston Opera	Peroxide	Soap	Reliability
STOKES, KATURAH	To do nothing gracefully	"Bob"	Work	Neatness
STILES, FLORENCE	A Degree	Promptness	Parliamentary Law	Plumpness
STRICKLAND, MARGARET	Charity in her soul	Talking to Dot	People	Little—but—oh, my!
SULLIVAN, ELIZABETH	To be a Juliet	Blushing	Riley's Poetry	Eyes!
TANNER, HAZEL	"To sleep, perchance to dream,"	Giving nicknames	Kentucky	She likes Boston
TARRANT, MADELEINE	"Doing" Lady Macbeth	Taking Chapel attendance	Boston Bags	Simplicity
THORNTON, LEAH	Art for art's sake	The powder puff	Each and all	Man delights not her
TIMMERMAN, RUTH	Marriage	Pride in a solitaire	Domestic Science	She's with us yet
TOBIN, ISABEL	To write famous things	Jokes—Canadian ones	Dot and Margaret	She is really funny
WEST, JEAN	Matron in an orphan asylum	"Jack"	Her hair	Her teeth
WEST, LOUISE	Matrimony	Perfume	Kindergarten	Old Maidishness
WINDSLOW, ARTHUR	To be a second Petruchio	Dreaming	Poe—and others!	He likes us all in the same way
WINDSOR, JENNIE	A Disciple of Emerson	She's homely	Men	Her nose
WOLSTAD, DOROTHY	To be an actress tall	Talking to Margaret Strickland	Margaret and Isie	She aspires

THE PATH



FINDERS.

freshmen officers

albert f. smith
theodosia peak
albert lovejoy
helen smith

president
vice-president
secretary
treasurer

CLASS FLOWER

pink rose

CLASS COLOR

pink

CLASS CHEER

rah for the freshmen
rah—rah—rah
o such a class you never saw—
no one in them can find a flaw—
rah for the freshmen
rah—rah—rah

CLASS ROLL

bailey, lora e.
benjamin, e. evelyn
bigler, grace m.
bradfield, burwell l.
bradford, vera
bradley, frances
brown, emily freeman
brown, harriet m.
call, hazel gertrude
davis, robert h.
frazine, minnie bell
gildersleeve, amy
grunewald, marguerite a.
hawkins, ethel florence
henry, helene mar
jetté, georgette h.
jones, edith carolyn
lyon, mattie
lovejoy, albert russell
mace, louise l.

macdonald, e. jean
mac gill, genevieve m.
marrinan, nelly
meredith, lura mae
miller, may m.
morrison, gertrude
neel, ethel mallor
peak, theodosia s.
perry, beatrice elinor
ramsey, helen pritchard
scott, edith r.
small, grace eleanor
smith, albert francis
smith, helen moss
southwick, ruth
sturdivant, elizabeth m.
vincent, marion f.
waterhouse, gladysmae b.
westbrook, florence

the puzzle page

freshman impressions

before coming to college the prospective emerson freshman is visited by many strange and beautiful dreams she sees herself walking up and down the narrow crooked streets in the very steps of the nation's greatest she sees herself in various places of historic interest and last but not least she sees herself in college she has visions of long study hours as well as of midnight spreads and hazings

but the time of dreams passes quickly by and freshman finds herself in boston the city of her fond hopes as well as of baked beans and culture on the day before the opening of school as she leaves the train she gives one bewildered look at it the station and the narrow crooked streets and alleys which lead everywhere and nowhere at one and the same time and then spying a taxi she jumps in and with a thankful heart pronounces the magic word emerson chauffeur bows and freshman rides to the college in state

there she meets the president and dean and then begins the hunt for a room they send an older girl with a list of available rooms with her and they start bravely forth she prefers to carry her suit-case and umbrella for they seem to give her something tangible to grasp her companion talks about the college as she skillfully guides her around they are forced to wander over considerable territory and oh that suit-case some rooms are dark others have no heat more than that she wants emersonians in the house with her and then they find a room that seems just right but soon find that the chafing-dish is debarred now every college freshman knows that she simply cannot exist without it and so the search is resumed but all troubles quickly pass and she finds a room and room-mate that just suit her

and then she goes back again to the office as quickly as possible upon being asked if she is not satisfied with her place she replies yes thank you i have my room and i like it very much but i want to buy some college stationery she is

promptly accommodated and then with a thumping little heart and hurried glances in all directions at the numbers over each and every door she finds her way back to her own room and begins to write letters to the folks at home she cries herself to sleep that night and the next morning is ready to start upon her college career

so having gone through all of the preliminary stages of homesickness she goes down early to perform the sacred duty of registration there she finds a vast crowd assembled for the old students are arriving and such a grand hand-shaking and embracing laughing and talking you never saw unless you too have been an emerson freshman the voices and laughter run the entire gamut of the musical scale and every principle of expression ever heard or dreamed of in our philosophy is put into practice on the spot animation and volume are perhaps the most noticeable characteristics every few minutes another girl arrives and then occurs what might be called a vital slide at any rate they reach her side promptly everyone is bubbling over with the joy of getting back and as freshman watches their brightness and courtesy as well as jollity she feels much better and reflects that at one time they too were new and strange but she is not alone with her feelings of strangeness there are many others in fact all about these little groups of girls there is a sort of fringe of new homesick ones and freshman takes her place in the fringe about two feet from everyone she endeavors to look unconcerned and indifferent but finds it next to impossible however she keeps very quiet even when spoken to and she answers everything as briefly as possible for unfortunately there is no handbook of freshman etiquette published and as she does not at that early date know the kind of hazing current at emerson she feels that discretion is the better part of valor and so maintains silence even if the seniors do look sane and seem friendly

MINNIE BELL FRAZINE, '15





Post Graduate Officers

HELENA B. CHURCHILL	<i>President</i>
ABBIE BALL	<i>Vice-President</i>
WINIFRED BENT	<i>Secretary</i>
RUTH WATTS	<i>Treasurer</i>

CLASS COLORS

Gold and White

CLASS FLOWER

Yellow Rose

CLASS CHEER

Hipsa, Miliga, Halliga, Sopsa

Hipsa, He, Hao

We are the Class of 1912

We are so

E-M-E-R-S-O-N

'12 — '12 — '12!



HELENA B. CHURCHILL,
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Stunt Committee, '12
Commencement Committee, '12
Class President, '13

In a gym suit of green, the greatest you've seen,
There never was another
On young or old or timid or bold,
As that one worn by "mother."

ABBIE ANNE BALL,
Millington, Quebec, Canada

Class Vice-President, '13

O thou masculine mind, what a woman thou art,
And how thou dost love repartee,
And maybe that is the reason
Why they're (?) all so afraid of thee.



WINIFRED HAMILTON BENT, ZPH
West Somerville, Massachusetts

Class Vice-President, '12
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '11, '12
Stunt Committee, '11
Class Secretary, '13

If the work piles high and you've so many lines
To learn, that you get the dumps,
Do as W—— did and go to bed
With an awful case of mumps.



RACHEL ALVERDA KANAAR, B. A., M. A.

It was she who could wear a cap and gown
And a hood with a kind of "frieze,"
For she's traveled and studied the country o'er,
And those stripes stand for degrees.



EDNA DELPHIN CASE,

Blossbury, Pennsylvania

Student Council, '11
President of Y. W. C. A., '12
Class Treasurer, '13
Student Council, '13

A villian! A very villian!
Who'd believe it in this *Case*?
She's a good girl in Y. W.,
But when she plays, there is no trace.

OLIVE B. CLARK, ΔΔΦ

Milford, New Hampshire

This is the age when much beauty is false,
And one's hair is not always her own;
So when a girl has a wealth of hair,
As has Olive, it ought to be known.





DEANA MARY COAD,
Livermore, Pennsylvania

Why did you shock your home folk so?
That joke was too sinister.
Next time you tell them such a tale,
Don't make it a minister.

ANNA M. KECK, ZΦH

Johnstown, New York

Stunt Committee, '10
Junior Week Committee, '11
Endowment Committee, '11
Cheer Leader, '11, '12, '13

Ann has wide perspective
On matters of right and wrong,
And in some of the Brown— studies
Those opinions were pretty strong.



MARY M. SULLIVAN,

Westerly, Rhode Island

"Bobby," you're just the cutest thing;
We can see you yet, as you sat
On the floor, in "The Game of Comedy,"
And naively asked, "How's that?"



RUTH BETH WATTS, ZΦH

Dover, New Jersey

Class Treasurer, '13

One would think Ruth had lived among
English lords,
The kind who are regular "fops,"
For without any effort, it seems that both
Their swagger and speech she adopts.



JEAN CARLYLE WELSH,

Gorham, New Hampshire

How we shivered and shook behind our book
And sought to get under cover,
When you pictured that day, in your gruesome way,
The madness of "Porphyria's lover."

NEVA FERNE WALTERS,

West Pittston, Pennsylvania

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '13
Class Sergeant-at-Arms, '13

Perhaps we'll best remember you
Throughout our future days,
As the girl who laughingly tossed her head
And had such coquettish ways.





LILLIAN R. HARTIGAN, ΦΜΓ
Brookline, Massachusetts

Class Treasurer, '10
Class Vice-President, '11
Stunt Committee, '11
Commencement Committee, '12
Assistant Business Manager of the Year Book, '11
Business Manager of the Year Book, '12

Lillian, who poses for pictures,
And Lillian, the juvenile lead.
When Lillian isn't talking,
She's going against her creed.



ALBERTA FRANCES BLACK,
Ashland, Maine

'Tis she whom the Fresh feared while they loved,
For she was a "substitute."
Tho her black eyes danced, her lips were firm;
So they sought for good repute.

JOSEPHINE W. WHITAKER,
Arlington, Massachusetts

Some are here to be teachers,
Some are here to shirk,
Some aim for the stage or platform;
But she's here 'cause she loves the work.

MARGUERITE RAY ALBERTSON, ΦΜΓ, Bridgeton, New Jersey

Post Grad Memories

The end, alas, is drawing near;
There is no doubt in it, no fear;
Yet sad that we so soon must go,
Forever out from E. C. O.

We gather, so it doth appear,
From North and South, from far and near,
And bring together what we may
To fashion 'gainst the going 'way.

Some bring spontaneous youth and joy
That serious work cannot destroy;
Nor Time, nor Place, nor Circumstance
Can suggest a thoughtful inward glance.

Others, the earnest, serious side
Of life portray, whate'er betide;
And ones on whom we may depend
To be just and fair and the truth defend.

The hazy mist of Evolution,
Julius Caesar and Burke's Oration,
Physical Culture and Milton and Chaucer,
We worry through and understand after.

On another rung we place our foot,
In the ladder of fame we're climbing up.
The speaker, hearer, subject, too,
And this is Forensics, through and through.

Oh, that with every Class you might share
The joy of analyzing "Vanity Fair."
The nights of sleeplessness, days of woe;
"This paper is due March 8, you know."

The Senior Year with its scenes and scenes
And then more scenes. And this it means,
That rehearse you must, morn, noon and night.
Till the scene goes on. Oh, dear delight!

But the last is best of all the four;
We backward look and ponder o'er
All the way that you have come,
And relish the good things, one by one.

So to all graduates let me say,
Return the fourth year, do not say "Nay."
'Tis the best, the cream! You'll be glad if you do,
If not, I'm afraid your decision you'll rue.

ABBIE BALL, '12.

Special Students' Roll

BIXBY, WARREN NEWTON
COPPENRATH, ANTOINETTE E.
FELTON, HARRY
GILMAN, ESTHER J.
HARTWELL, LILLIAN F.
HOWELL, CAROLINE WOODS
LUNT, ALFRED D.
MERRINAM, CLIFTON H.
MINER, FLORA RICE
MOSHER, PANSY BARNES
OWEN, JULIE GORE
RICHARDS, CAROLINE
SAVERY, EMERSON BLAINE
TOWNE, MARIE REED
WELLS, MARION ANN
WILSON, NELLIE LEE
WEEKS, JULIET NAOMI
STANTON, MIA

LITERATURE



PROSE

The Unsuspecting Goose

THERE was nothing romantic about him. He gave his name as John Hollister, and his occupation as a civil engineer. His personal property consisted of a small trunk, some fishing rods and a violin, which he never touched until after sunset. In looks, he answered to the description of the modern hero, so I will not dwell on broad shoulders, brown eyes and a waving pompadour. His taste in dress was excellent, and his manner that of a gentleman. Nothing very definite was known about him.

However, the reason for his coming to Peachdale was simple enough. They were orphan children, but while Hollister had been out West building bridges, his pretty little sister had married a million. Thus his introduction into society was sudden and it was unwelcome.

Furthermore, it had been arranged by

his sister and the rest of polite society at Sachem, that when Mrs. Van Travers's niece, Rosaline, came on from the West, he would take her to a "pink tea," to a "fire-fly" dance, and then out on Silver Lake, in a canoe, not ten feet from shore, under the influence of a bewitching moon, he would ask her to be his wife. She, already rehearsed by her aunt, would say, "This is so sudden," and accept him. Then they would go ashore and receive the blessings of those unfortunate souls, who deceive themselves into believing they are all things they are not. Mrs. Van Travers had already selected the country estate for them. She promised that Hollister might choose his own car.

It was a fine July afternoon and something in the atmospheric elements suggested a drive, so Hollister straightway provided himself with an outfit from the

village stable. To begin with, stable horses are not selected stock. Poor creatures, they have usually served a full apprenticeship on an undertaker's wagon, a hack, or in the fire department, and just when they should have a little chloroform and be put to sleep in mother earth, they are bought up by a horse dealer—but I am straying from my story.

Hollister's might have served as an undertaker's horse. She was neither swift nor very accurate and the wagon groaned in every joint. Out of respect for her years, he let the gray mare straggle along, and once she stopped to nibble a birch bough. The road was very narrow.

Hollister breathed deeply and congratulated himself on his marvelous escape from the charms of Miss Rosaline. "Ah, I suppose I would have been caged by now. Thank heaven, I am free! And my dear little, unknown Rosaline, you are lucky, too. After all, perhaps we would have been happy. I suppose you are now entwining your loving tendrils around some unsuspecting goose. What nonsense. Gid-ap."

Without previous intimation his horse neighed lustily and was quickly answered. "A team ahead, go slow, old girl. It is just around the bend." Around the bend they faced a high-headed bay attached to a sheddy little buggy. It stood quite alone and occupied all the road.

"Oh, goodness!" exclaimed a girl in a white sailor suit and a broad-brimmed Panama, as she scrambled out of the bushes, with her arms full of clematis, and reached for the bridle of her horse.

Hollister surveyed the situation gravely. "No chance of my passing on either side?" he asked. "Well, this is a con-foundedly narrow road."

"I don't think either of us are to blame," she said.

"No, I suppose not, but that doesn't solve the problem," and the man who could build a bridge was perplexed.

"Oh, cheer up," laughed the girl. "Are you in a hurry? I know what we can do, exchange wagons."

The idea of this slip of a girl telling him to cheer up injured his dignity, and yet there was something kind of noble in her attitude. He mumbled a few words including "hurry," all the time painfully conscious of his animal's speed limit. Then he dropped the reins and ran his fingers through his thick brown pompadour. The girl had meanwhile deposited the clematis on the floor of her buggy, and again stepping to the side of her horse, she began to unfasten some straps.

"We'll have to take the horses out, turn the wagons about, and you can take mine, and I'll drive back to town in yours. I'd offer you my horse, but it's Uncle Dave's blue ribbon 'Jack,' and I never drove him before. He is very particular about Jack. You don't mind lending me your carriage, do you? You live in town, don't you?"

"I am staying in town at present, but this rig isn't fit for you to get into."

"Oh, never mind that. Anything from a wheelbarrow to a limousine suits me. I just love to drive."

"This is sort of a lame-ozone," protested Hollister.

The girl laughed gaily. "I'll have my horse out first if you don't begin. If Uncle Dave wouldn't worry, I'd drive back, but it is seven miles the way I have come, and it is quite late already. He shouldn't worry about me. I can manage any horse on Daddy's ranch."

Hollister jumped to the ground just as she led Jack out of the shafts.

"There, I've beat," she said smiling triumphantly.

"I presume you could beat me at most anything," Hollister returned, still looking at his rig with all possible contempt.

"Let me help you," she insisted; "I am afraid you are in a hurry. Are you?" She threw the bridle of her horse over a

protruding branch and came to his side. He turned and looked for an instant straight into her deep blue eyes. She challenged the best that was in him.

With considerable force he said, "I am going to chuck this thing up in the bushes and let you drive past." He began tugging at a wheel.

"But it will ruin—"

"Never mind that," he interrupted kindly. "It would be a risk to let you drive that spirited horse in this affair. See there." And one wheel rolled off.

The girl became less disconcerted as Hollister's attacks on the vehicle became more violent. She did not express any further feeling for his recklessness either by word or look, but began hitching Jack into her buggy. Hollister thought that she was singing, but her voice was like music whenever she spoke. One more tug at the old vehicle and it lay a wreck by the roadside. He breathed a sigh of relief.

"Will you drive back with me? Come, of course you will. You are exhausted. There is a delightful spring just a little way off where you can have a nice cool drink."

Her invitation did not lack in alluring qualities for Hollister, but he managed to say: "Thank you, thank you, but I must see my horse back to the stable."

"Oh she'll follow the wagon on a halter," and the girl gave the patient animal a little nose pat.

"Girl," ejaculated Hollister, "if I were to lead that piece of horse flesh back to town with your blue ribbon 'Jack' setting the pace, she's be a dead one. Better leave her here with the wreckage."

"Oh, not if I hold Jack in check. Come! Do you think I'd be as cruel as that?" She mounted to her place and sat very straight. Hollister understood the significance of her manner and obeyed.

"I suppose she is entwining her loving tendrils around some unsuspecting goose," he was saying to himself.

For half a mile they hardly spoke. But when they had passed the little spring, and each had been refreshed by a sparkling drink, conversation began again.

"I believe you spoke of your father's ranch," suggested Hollister.

"Yes, down in Texas. It's great fun, but it's kind of lonesome sometimes, and one of my aunts sent for me to come East—my father's brother's wife. My uncle is dead. But I am visiting my mother's people now. It's my first visit East. I just dread to go to my other aunt's."

"And why?"

"Because she thinks I have been brought up so crude, and she wants to introduce me into society, and I'm afraid her friends won't like me."

"Oh, they couldn't help liking you. Don't be afraid of society. It's the greatest bluff in the world. I know about it."

"You're very kind, but tell me about it."

"Well, when you go into society you must leave all your ideas outside, and never let on that you can 'manage any horse on Daddy's ranch.' And if you must speak of the ranch disguise it in ethereal terms. Then your vocabulary must be limited. But it's easy to catch on to the vernacular. Never try to be original."

"Oh, you are so funny! Do tell me some more."

"I am just escaping from it. Two weeks ago society almost had me married to a little creature I had never seen."

"How romantic, and my aunt—"

"Not at all. But here we are at the stable. Thank you for my ride and may I ask the name of one who has given me such a pleasant hour?"

"My name is just Rosaline Van Travers."

"Ye gods! After all, I am the unsuspecting goose."

"Why, what's the matter?"
"I am John Hollister. Will you marry me?"

"O—oh—"

" 'Oh! This is so sudden. Yes.' No, Rosaline, it must be a decision of your own heart, and you must have plenty of

time to decide. But may I call at your uncle's tonight?"

The wedding in October was a grand finale for the season. The estate was fine and the limousine a peach.

LILLIAN LEE CLARK. '13

The Gift of God

Written to be given with the Emerson exercises; a double bar indicates a change of exercise, a single bar, a change within the exercise. The exercises are taken in their regular order.

—
THERE is in this world such a strange little thing. | O it's so shy and so small. | So very timid and so wild; | quite like a flower, it's so sweet and so mild. | Harsh and rude sounds startle a fawn from his dell | and a note without love sends it quivering apart to closely, darkly lie hidden. | To sunshine and warmth a bird's song will respond | and It will always unfold to a smile. || We bow to its faith, | we kneel to its trust, | and its fresh and bright innocence we love and adore. | We marvel its wisdom, |

we worship its strength. | Yet we fear and we pray, it's so young and so small. || It lives all alone in a world of its own; | no black, ugly thing enters there, Doubt, Fear or Care. | For tho' all be about, | It knows only the fair. | It's a serious, wee thing | with eyes that look deep, | and he must give up every art, | each conceit, | who would live in its land | and be one of its friends. || You can find tinkling brooks in its laugh. | You can hear chirping birds in its voice. | You can see answers to questions your heart has long sought, in its eye. | You can feel rose leaves in its touch. | You can catch sobbing waves in its cry. | You will own wealth beyond kings in its love. || Do you know It, | this lovely, wild thing, | this best Gift of God, | this Heart of a Child? ||

ALICE LOVE ESMOND. '13

Dahna's Leap

A GOOD half-mile from the Gap Resort, in what was once the very heart of Indian haunts, there stands a great stone house. Here for generations have lived the Anderson family. John Anderson owned the big hotel at the Gap Resort but the call of the wilds in his blood led him to live in the old ancestral home, farther north. His silent, wide-eyed daughter, Jean, had all her life lived out among the hills that rose on

every side—a very child of Nature; and she justly claimed a kinship with it all, for in her veins a trace of Indian blood explained her straight black hair and rather irregular features. She loved this quiet life, but after her return from college she had sometimes been induced to join her father's guests on some great mountain climb. Upon one such occasion she had met a western man. She was not unconscious of Ward Alston's look of

admiration the day her father had presented her to them and said his daughter would guide the guests that day. Her Indian blood was telling, she had known, as she led them along the steep and fearful trails; but she had always found him near at hand when she would pause to wait for those less used to mountain life than she. What a strangely fascinating picture she had been that day as she stood among those hills, with them, and yet alone—her straight black hair drawn close against her brow, her great, wide, silent eyes, her cheeks aglow! But oddly enough they marked that she chose to wear high on her breast wild roses, gathered at the start, near the foot of the highest cliff, which later they rounded to the plains above. They had smiled at her fancy at first, but when they had reached the heights, they saw her move slowly toward the cliff, a strange light in her eyes, unfasten the roses at her neck, and standing on the very ledge itself, drop the flowers, one by one, into the abyss below; then turn away to lead them on across the almost level tract that lay beyond. Before they had left the cliff, young Alston had paused at her side to ask in a voice that showed he understood, "Will you tell me the legend of that great cliff some day?" She had studied his face before she made reply. "Perhaps, some day," he remembered she had said. And since that time this man had spent his days along the river or among the hills with Jean.

They had sat one night for hours beneath the stars, facing the giant hills to the northwest. On the right rippled the waters of the Delaware—shallow at this point, and lying far below the canal which ran close to a little low garden. The farthest bank of this canal rose to a tow-path, shaded by trees. The peculiar charm of the landscape held them in a strange silence. Marj, a younger sister, had joined the two and lay close

by the side of Jean, her idol. From farther up the river a coal-barge could be heard approaching (for the night was very still), and the slow, rhythmic tinkle of bells, worn by the mules by which the boats are drawn, lent their harmony to this woodland night symphony. Then the splash of their feet could be heard as they crossed an overflow just above the house, and the stumbling of a hoof against a loose stone rolled it off into the river many feet below. A plaintive accordion helped to break the stillness with its monotonous melody, and when the boat had passed, four long, loud calls from a conch-shell plainly said to an old lock-tender farther down the level, "Open the lock," and soon came back a strangely whistled answer acknowledging the signal. Then all was still again. "Jean, you have never told me the legend of yonder cliff. I'm in the mood for ghostly tales tonight. Tell me of this Dahna and her leap."

Jean hesitated, then a glance from Marjorie's soft brown eyes invited her to share their favorite tale with this new friend of theirs and of the hills. "I never tell this legend to our guests for it means more to me than others can understand. You know the country round us here is rich in beauty, legend, and romance. The settlement before the coming of the whites was a favored spot with what was perhaps the best clan of all North American Indians, the Lenni Lenape, which in our English tongue means 'Men of Men,' and commonly called the Delawares. With them our forefathers lived in peace and friendship for more than fifty years. Directly before you is Turtle Rock and beyond it on the farther side you see the cliff, long known as 'Dahna's Leap.' Back from the brow of the cliff there stretches for miles, you know, a level tract of land and that was the settlement of the Turtle tribe. They were said to be very exclusive in the matter of inter-marriage. This had aroused some little

warfare from time to time, when Cupid shot his arrows across the river and pierced the heart of some noble brave among the so-called Turkey tribe on the Jersey shore, and he would immediately set forth to revolutionize affairs and, in spite of custom, resolve to wed the maid. But no adventurer was ever known to win. Usually a brave in her own tribe would announce that he would defend the girl, and this defendant and the alien lover would settle the matter by some endurance test or hand-to-hand conflict. As I told you, Lenni Lenape means 'Men of Men,' and they seldom stooped to treachery in such matters. But there is always an exception, and so it came to pass, that one day a lusty brave from the Jersey shore sought the lands of the Turtle tribe. Greeting the old Chief, Ak-ke-long-quah, with a series of grunts, and laying at his feet gifts of gaudy robes and trinkets, he told his tale of love for the old chief's daughter, and begged that the two tribes might join hands across the watery divide. Courteously but firmly he refused, and the young brave turned away.

"Some nights later he came again; but this time stealthily and hid among the rocks and caves. Once he saw her as she passed quite close to where he hid but she seemed to wait for someone, so he only looked and longed for her the more. The next night she came again, and then he thought it must be when her sweetheart brave was out for game, she met him here above the cliff. The jealousy of his nation fired his veins as this thought filled his brain. He watched her close. She stood, her back to him, outlined against the sky. He caught her muttered words, 'Ha-wa-wah comes when young moon touch our trees. Ha-wa-wah hunt man-game. Who is? Dahna wait. Ha-wa-wah tell her sometime, may-be-so.' The skulking Indian started in surprise at the news the words conveyed to him.

He knew he was the man and that the time between then and moonrise was his only chance to capture her and fly. In an instant he had sprung to her side and held her firmly in his grasp. Turning her to him he told her who he was,—Chief Paunacussing's son, and rich in fame and power; rebelled against her father's cursed pride; then vowed his love and said that she should go across the river now, a captive bride. She heard his words, then wrestled in his grasp. Meanwhile the moon had risen to meet the pines, and over the brow of the nearest hill, Ha-wa-wah came from the North. He saw his Dahna at her wonted spot, but with her stood a man who held her close. With frenzied brain he crept on hand and foot to where he could plainly see what brother of his tribe his Dahna met in tryst. At that moment he saw her slip from out the strange man's grasp, take but one step, then stagger from a blow the man had struck. Ere she could fall the savage caught her in his arms, then southward bore her, toward the river and his lands that lay beyond.

"Then it was that Ha-wa-wah realized the awful truth, and with winged-foot set close chase. Hearing pursuit, the man turned to look, and seeing a single brave upon his tracks, he dropped the senseless girl and turned to defend himself. Hand to hand they fought; now one and now the other held his man. But in their madness they had quite forgotten their nearness to the cliff, when suddenly, seeing defeat, the alien conceived a treacherous move—fatal for both of them. They should die at the foot of the cliff. Although held upon his back, he swung himself around, clinging desperately the while to Ha-wa-wah. For an instant they paused on the rocky ledge as a twig on the verge of a mighty cataract, ere it plunges into the seething abyss below; then over they

turned and fell five hundred feet down. Dahna came to herself just in time to see her lover plunge to his death below and held in the grasp of him of the tribe across the river.

"Strangely alone she stood and murmured low, 'Ha-wa-wah gone!' Then comprehending it all, she wandered back to the camp—to a life that was empty and bare. When each day's sun sank to rest, and twilight fell over all, she grew restless and sad, and when the stars came out and the moon rose over the pines, she would creep away to the cliff to commune with her grief alone. Then Winter laid his blanket upon the barren rocks, but each night, as before, she came to wait. Then Spring brought back new life to Earth, but her hopes still lay dead; and Summer found a once bright Indian maid a sad, strange being, living and yet dead. All memory had gone, save one fond thought, which burned but deeper now as Time dragged on, 'When the moon touched the tips of the slender pines Ha-wa-wah would come again.' Among the hills she'd wander day by day, yet never spoke except sometimes to caution with a finger on her lips, 'Ha-wa-wah comes tonight,' then dart away as though in haste to meet him ere he came. Her people held the strange-eyed girl in awe, and revered her as had she been a god. Then Autumn came. A year had crept away, and every night she kept her eager watch. And when he came not, she would walk along the ledge and call his name. Sometimes the chief would follow her unseen, then turn back to his wigwam in the wood and wait till weariness might bring her home. Each night she lingered longer on the ledge. He knew some night she never would return. At last it came. And her people understood that she had gone to meet him whom she loved. On the morrow, with the first faint rays of light, the old chief came. Far, far below him,

in the deep ravine, a bit of scarlet cloth had caught his eye. Chief Ak-ke-longqua stood and looked and turned, and as the sun lit up the eastern sky, he led his people westward to the plains.

"And they say that sometimes when the young moon climbs the hill and silvers the tips of those slender pines above, and the night calls loud to her, she walks the ledge again and calls his name."

Jean's voice had sunk to a whisper. Their eyes were on the cliff. Only the chirp of crickets and the ripple of the waters broke the silence of the night. "Has anyone really seen her, do you know?" Jean slowly moved her head to answer, "Yes." A strange light filled her eyes. Just once before—that first day on the cliff—had he seen that glow light up her wondrous eyes. "Do you mean that you have seen this vision, Jean?"

"Yes; it was just such a night as this. The moon did not rise till late, but the heavens were bright with stars, and the country round seemed to lie beneath a spell, even as now. I could not stay indoors, so I stole outside, and here for hours I sat alone. Suddenly a sound, half moan, half sigh, fell sadly on the air. I started to my feet. Following the sound, my eyes wandered to yonder cliff, and there upon the very edge, a vision walked in white, and I heard it distinctly call, and the name was 'Ha-wa-wah.' Some minutes passed and the legend came back to me; then I heard my own lips murmur low, 'Dahna!' The vision slowly lifted her head; listened as though she had heard her name, then started from the ledge. She paused, her face from me, turned back once more, and vanished over the cliff.

"We never talk of this to anyone, for I believe she appears but to those who can understand, and tonight I feel—"

"Look there!" But every eye had

already seen a figure glide toward the cliff, and a vision in white walked slowly along the ledge, so close it hovered above the awful brink, and the name "Ha-wa-wah" fell upon the air. It was Marjorie who answered to the call. Claspings her little hands, she softly cried, "Dahna! Dahna, dear!" The vision turned her head as though she heard the cry, then

slowly moved away as if to seek her one-time camp beyond. Faltering in her steps she turned once more to the ledge. She paused, then leaped far out and vanished into space.

Firmly Alston's hand closed over Jean's and all he whispered was, "I understand."

MARTHA LELA CAREY, '13.

On the Gentle Art of Killing Time

Among all the Fine Arts, there is none more widely patronized than the gentle Art of killing Time. The man of common clay may excel in it as easily as the man of genius. Although the quantity may vary greatly, each man must work upon the same kind of material; for

"Our todays and yesterdays
Give the hours that we must kill."

Naturally, however, our instruments of torture often vary in degrees of refinement even as a violin of Cremona varies from the tom-tom of the Indian. But now, having tried all the barbarous and most of the refined ways of achieving perfection in this gentle Art, I have at last found one that seems most satisfactory. I refer to that mode of Time electrocution known as Rehearsing.

There are three portions of the day in which it is possible to use this mode of attacking the "Bird of Time," as Omar calls it,—the hour between 8.00 and 9.00 A.M.; the hour between 12.30 and 1.15 P.M.; and the hours between 2.00 and 4.30 P.M.

Let us now set forth the killing of the first and most elusive of these hours. You awaken at 7.45, hastily dress, and realizing that you will have no Time to kill if you stop for breakfast, content yourself with the fragrant odors from your landlady's kitchen. You hasten down the street, enter the school door and find the clock almost ready to clap its hands at 9.00 o'clock. Too late, alas! for by the moment you have caught your breath, a girl advances from the elevator and informs you that Time has just expired without your presence.

But courage! The 12.30 hour is one in which the true sportsman most de-

lights to seek his game. The hunters come by twos and threes, they glance into the rehearsal room but as quickly retreat. You pace up and down, open your book, close it, look out the window, pace up and down again, glance at the door. You look at your watch and find you have killed only five minutes. Then two other people enter and Time becomes still more difficult to attack. You eat your chocolate and your peanuts and glance at your watch again. Only five more minutes have gone. Thus the process keeps up. You assail Time harder and harder—now with a bit of gossip, now with a dance or two. At last, when you have about given up hope, the bell rings and you know that the last moment has finally succumbed.

But the hours between 2.00 and 4.30 are the ones when Time puts up the hardest battle. You grow impatient, you fret, you storm, you fume. When you find violence has not prevailed you try other tactics. "Serene you fold your hands and wait." But you cannot get away from Time's batteries. The tick-tick-tick of the moments tortures you as exquisitely as if drops of water were falling every second on your unprotected head. At last you find other assassins willing to fight with you. But even with your united efforts you progress slowly. Just when you are almost desperate enough to bury yourself in the oblivion of study, a voice rings out, "Well, girls, we must hurry off to gym. Good-bye." The hands of your watch are stretching out as if in surrender. Time's death-knell has been started and you are free once more—free to begin with a different mode of attack.

DOROTHY ELDERDICE, '13



Poetry

"Life"

Some look upon life in a very funny way,
Like the tapestry weavers as of old.
They weave behind the beauty of the picture all the
day,
And do not see the right side, it is told.

To them it's only tangled ends before their vision,
The rough unfinished threads of different lengths.
The knots are hard and twisted and of many different
hues;
To untie them it requires all their strength.

But why not adjust the viewpoint of it all.
And look upon the right side of the screen—
Oh, what grandeur and what beauty doth now on us
befall,
In those carefully woven colors, gold and green.

Thus it is with life, I fear, we do not see both sides,
And become too pessimistic in our view.
So don't with only one viewpoint believe you're
satisfied,
But change and join the optimistic few.

So Life is what you make it, you may like or you
may hate it;
You may fume and you may fret and you may
stew.

No one ever shares your trouble. It is yours, so do
not grumble.

It's a hard world if you think so, but, don't you!

ELIZABETH L. BEATTIE, '13.



Be Strong

Be strong to bear, O heart of mine,
Faint not when sorrow comes.
The summits of these hills of earth
Touch the blue skies of home.
So many burdened ones are there,
Close journeying by thy side;
Assist, encourage, comfort them—
Thine own deep sorrow hide.
What tho' thy sorrow may seem great,
Thy strength is known to God,
And pathways steep and rugged lead
To Pastures green and broad.



Be strong to love, O heart of mine,
Live not for self alone;
But find in blessing other lives
Completeness for thine own.
Seek every hungering heart to cheer,
Each saddened heart to feed;
And when stern justice stands aloof,
In pity draw thou near.
Kind, loving words and helping hands
Have won more souls to Heaven
Than all the dogmas and the creeds,
By priests and sages given.

Be strong to hope, O heart of mine,
Look not on life's dark side,
For just beyond those gloomy hours
Rich, radiant days abide.
Let hope, like summer rainbows bright,
Scatter thy falling tears;
And let God's precious promises
Dispel thy anxious fears;
For every grief, a gladness comes;
For every toil, a rest.
So hope, so love, so patient bear,
God doeth all things best.

EVELYN REES NORCROSS.

Our Lesson

ARRANGED FOR THE HARMONIZING EXERCISES

King Ufred looked on his dominion
Of mountains, hills and valleys low,
As being the aim of all his being,
The harvest which his life had sown.

His little daughter saw the small things,
Which in his kingdom grew—
The grass, the flowers, the trees, the bees,
To her were friends most true.

Once, wandering out through Nature's garden,
An enchantment held her bound.
Her father called out all his legions,
To seek where'er she might be found.

To every height and crest they traveled,
Now through brake and through thick fen,
To an opening on some high mountain,
Or to some deep and rocky glen.

King Ufred bowed in grief and suppliance,
Did not think that near at hand,
Just by looking at the small things,
Was the treasure of the land.





But Magi obeyed *his* summons,
Hobbled by the parkway stream,
Looked beneath the willow branches,
Parted back the leafy screen.

There, within the flickering shadow,
Where the rippling waters run,
Magi found the little Princess
Weaving thread by spiders spun.

The king listened for the bugle.
No welcoming refrain
Was heard by king or courtier,
In all of that domain.

No thought ever befell him
That a greater power was nigh;
King Ufred had no comfort,
He could only sit and sigh.

Magi listened to her singing,
Then replaced the leafy branch.
Stealthily he scampered from her,
Casting backward just one glance.

Then he heralded all his chieftains,
Called them to him, one by one;
Gave to each a kingly warning,
Offered prize to him who won.

The *dwarf* Magi loved the princess,
He would give his life for her.
He, too, bowed in grief and sorrow,
Sat alone, outside the whirl.

But he called forth all the bluebirds,
All the butterflies around.
And the bees buzzed from the dogwood,
That the princess they had found.

The kindgom's legions traveled
Many miles and miles away;
Searching at the farthest border,
All in vain, day after day.

By the ledges steep and stony,
By the cliff and thorny dell,
By the castle, and the highway—
No reward to them befell.


In his heart he now is thanking
The good Magi up on high,
Who is ever, always watching
With His kind and gracious eye.

Let Dwarf Magi teach a lesson
To us, who look for worldly gain:
That truth, and love, and blessing,
Even that much sought-for fame,
Are lying all about us,
In the things we oft disdain.

BELLE McMICHAEL, '14.



A Tale



I entered school, a Freshman shy,
And scarcely dared to raise my eye
To gaze at Junior girls so smart,
Who thought that they must play the part
Of elder sisters to "The Babe,"
Who seemed to them to be afraid
Of teachers thin, and teachers tall,
And even those who were quite small.
And when I heard the stately tread
Of *Seniors*, grand, I nigh fell dead.
And yet they were not half so grand
As those P. G.'s, who did command
The little Freshies in a class
On every Monday morn, alas!
But oh, how did I e'er survive
Those first few months? Great sakes alive!
My knees did shake, my hands did tremble
When to the class we did assemble,
And had to rise and give a part
Of something that I'd learned by heart.
Alas, 'tis true! Sometimes I wept
When on the floor too long was kept,
And each, I'm sure felt like a dunce;
Yes, indeed, more times than once,
When in a certain class we'd be,
Of Vocal Tech., and oh, dear me!
Analysis was worse than this,
But ne'er a class we'd dare to miss!


Well, those old days have all passed by,
And better days have now drawn nigh.
No more we tremble and look pale
When we arise to read a tale
In Rhetoric, or some such place,
About the well-known human race.
I'll tell to you the reason why—
We are no longer children shy.
It is because we're Juniors bold

And want to do whate'er we're told.
You'd not believe it if I said
That some in Pantomime played dead,
And many other Stunts we've had
That truly made our teachers glad.
But soon we'll be the *Seniors*, grand,
With hosts of friends on every hand,
And *other* little Freshmen shy
Will gaze on us with envious eye.

DOCIA DODD.

[Written for Rhetoric Class, 1912.]


My Symphony



The little dimple in Billy's cheek
Is all my Ethics, all my Technique.
All the Expression that I know
Are his of joy, or his of woe.
All that I can prove in Debate
Is "without him my world is desolate."
All that I want of Dramatic Art
Is to teach me how to win his heart.
No Normal Class have I but such
As teaches me to love him much.
In School Management, my only aim
Is to manage Billy to change my name.

H. B., '13

Know You?



Know you what it is to starve—to starve
For love and truth and inspiration that
Bursts out of friendship? Then it is you know
That aching void, that sense of loneliness
And despair that shuts me in from what I fain
Would grasp and hold as mine; Not love such as
A man for woman bears, not even that
Which woman nourishes for man; but love
Of friend—a friend 'twixt whom and me there is
A brotherhood that links two souls as God
Would have them linked. Not love, alone, in which
The one is willing to give all or even
Die for him, the other; but rather live
For him and make him live as God would have
Him live; and let that other in his turn,
Bring out the best that has been given the one,
That they might live and love as He has taught.

MARTHA LELA CAREY, '13.

Nineteen-Fourteen Banquet

Stately halls of Riverbank,
Where the toasts of cheer we drank
To the friends anear, and those so far away,
Where the joyous life of youth
And the loyal heart of truth,
In the bonds of class and friendship held their sway.

Hear the merry voice of song,
With its echo sweet and long;
How it rings forevermore in memory's vale;
How it sweeps all fields of joy,
Courage new, without alloy,
As the fresh'ning breath of springtime's sunny gale.

Oh, the gracious ripening mien
Of a future yet unseen;
How it dawns upon our vision, half divine.
Oh, the promise of the hour,
Half revealed in latent power,
Till the echoing walls become a sacred shrine.

To the golden morn of life,
Ere we know the noonday strife,
Which with majesty and fortitude we'll bear;
For the heritage divine,
Round the brow of youth will twine,
If the utmost crown of living we would wear.

WM. G. WARD.

Unlucky Thirteen?
We're sure she can't mean
To cause so much worry of things foreseen.
Though she may be odd,
We don't need to nod,
And talk very vaguely of "under the sod."
And is there a number
That folks will not cumber
With some sort or other of boo-goo-boo lumber?
If we look for the best
In this year, like the rest,
THIRTEEN will surely answer the test.

HELEN P. RAMSEY, '15.

Lectures and Recitals

Faculty Recitals

THE Faculty Recitals were of a very high standard this year and rank among the finest ever given at Emerson. After one of these delightful programmes, a young lady was heard to remark, "I do not know whether to be discouraged or encouraged by what I have heard this evening, but I have quite made up my mind on one point—and that is, from this time on, I am going to work."

Many students who have become really worth while, date their first start from a faculty recital.

The following programmes were given:

"Herod," President Southwick.

"Faust," Mrs. Southwick.

"Henry IV," Mr. Tripp.

"Electra," Evalyn Thomas.

"The Servant in the House," Mrs. Whitney.

NELLA KINGSBURY, '13.

Morning Lectures

MONOLOGUE

Time—Two days after Commencement.

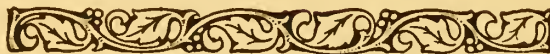
Place—A Pullman-coach.

Persons—Mr. Dickson and Mr. Putnam.

Oh, hello, Putnam! Didn't know you were going to be on this train. Mighty glad to see you; don't like traveling alone, you know. Sit down with you? Sure! You didn't expect me to go off and sit by myself, did you? Oh, say, wasn't the Commencement simply great? You never saw a better? Neither did I. Doesn't it make you feel faint to think that it is all over? Honestly, Putnam, I've been thinking about the lecturers we had last year at Emerson. Weren't they splendid though? I wish now I had taken notes, for I can't remember how they came. You remember some of them? *Mrs. Southwick* was the first? Say, doesn't she make a person want to do something worth while? I'd give a lot to know as much as she does. What did you say? Knows how to say things, too? You bet she does! Didn't *Homer B. Sprague* lecture next on one of Shakespeare's women? Oh, yes, that's it, "Shakespeare's Greatest Character, A Woman." How well you do remember. That man was certainly steeped in Shakespeare. Seemed to almost come out of his fingertips. Did you hear *Leon H. Vincent*? I wouldn't have missed his course of lectures for anything. You heard only three of them? Couldn't go to the first one? Well, you missed it. He lectured on "Washington Irving's Early Works." No, the next one was "William Makepeace Thackeray." I never knew Thackeray was such an interesting man before. You liked

the lecture on "Charles Dickens" best? Yes, the comparison of those two men was very finely portrayed. I don't know, I believe I liked "George Eliot" best, as I have always liked her books so much. Yes, I agree with you that "Kings of the Pulpit in Colonial Days" was hard to beat. When it comes right down to the point, it is pretty hard to make a choice. Let's see, who came next? Oh, I know—*Mr. A. E. Winship*. He spoke so well on "Education." No, you are thinking of *Dr. Frederick A. Stanley* who spoke on "The Awakening In China." I never did care about China until I heard him lecture, but now I feel greatly interested in her development. Didn't it seem just like a story when the *Rev. Willard A. Scott* gave "The Romance of an Old Fashioned Education"? What's that? You remember what he said about the minister, "Invisible on week days and incomprehensible on Sunday?" Guess he didn't know *Mr. Stockdale* or he wouldn't have said that. Couldn't you just see the church, the school, and the blacksmith shop? *Dr. Alonzo A. Butterfield*? Yes, he was a former teacher at Emerson College. I don't think he had any special subject but just gave a word of greeting to the students. He told about some of the great Emersonian principals. Wasn't there a woman who talked on "The Peace Movement"? Oh, yes, *Mrs. Joseph Duryea*. She surely knew what she was talking about. I sat spellbound for fear I would lose a word. Peace ought to come with such a woman working for it. *Edward Howard Griggs*? Of course, I hadn't forgotten him. I might just as well forget one of the teachers, for it seems just as if he belonged to us. He lectured on "Giordano Bruno." Yes, wasn't that interesting about the influence he probably had on Shakespeare's life? You never thought about "Hamlet" being a direct outcome of the friendship? Neither did I. I believe I'll look into that this vacation. No, I didn't hear *William Lines Hubbard* and I have kicked myself ever since. What was his subject? "Modern Grand Opera"? Illustrated by his giving the "Secret of Suzanne" to music? That must have been splendid. Everybody said it was the best thing they had ever heard. And to think that I missed it! You heard *Mr. Kenney* say that he would walk a hundred miles and wheel his wife and little boy in a wheelbarrow to hear him again? Well, then, it was good. *Mr. Foxton Ferguson* was the last, I believe. I have heard him three times now, but the last one on "Street Balladry" certainly "took the cake." I could listen to him all day. What, do you get off here? Am sorry, for we had just begun our visit. So long! Be good to yourself.

DOCIA DODD, '13.



Junior Week

Tuesday Morning.—March in Chapel. Juniors in white, preceded by standard bearers, carrying an archway decorated with jonquils in form of class numerals. March prettily executed. In and out and 'round about, singing all the while. Then, on the stage, behind the curtain. Raised. Ah! Artistic grouping! Heads everywhere, no feet to be seen. And such cheers! And then the song! Dee—lightful!!

Wednesday Evening.—This was the P. G. dance. The Juniors had a lovely time. So did the four P. G.'s. The rest didn't go—they never do.

Thursday Evening.—Junior Promenade. Oh! What a success! And the chap-erons! How nice Mrs. Willard and Miss Sleight looked! The Copley Plaza is the *nicest* place for a dance! And we all behaved so well! Everyone all "toggled up," too. And the chairman! Wasn't she a "brick"? Even though her gown was delayed in Ohio, by the flood. And we didn't even know it!

Friday Morning.—Oh! Those Co-eds. of ours! It took nerve to go across the platform, with the lovely little wreaths decorating their high-brows, in that manner. They are really quite musical, too. And *all* of them were there! That morning was certainly inspiring! It might teach a few of us girls a lesson. Again! Three cheers for "Co-eds."

Friday Evening.—The Banquet at Riverbank Court for the Juniors. Isn't Dr. Ward just the best toastmaster ever? Wasn't it almost as interesting as his classes, though? And everybody had *such* a good time.

Written at Riverbank Court

The Poet, we fear,
Will not be here.
For this, we all will shed a tear.
Now, if she come,
This will be bum.
If she does not,
Why, on the spot,
I here have writ,
With lots of grit,
A line or two
To read to you.

You may not see
This is to be
A bit of Junior poetry;
But with your "specs"
You may detect,
By keeping time,
A sort of rhyme.
But we must have
Something to follow,
A mental concept,
Or 'twill sound hollow.

This should have been said at the beginning,
But not when at the seventh inning.
My subject matter as you may guess,
Is just to give vent to my foolishness.
In this I feel I am not alone,
For in *it* all here are much at home.
So in reality you may see
This is some real class poetry.

* * * * *

If "Scribner" had scribbled,
Though ever so scant,

I should not have needed
So badly "Tarrant."
Or if I had had a tiny "Beraud" (bureau)
For my fancy to ride on, an hour "Igo,"
I, with faithful "McDonough"
And fair-haired muse,
The dainty "Owen,"
Would see my imagination goin',
Until we should have for certes
Written so "Smart" 'twould rival "Curtis."
Or over "Stiles" to green meadows,
Where the lovely "Lyndon" flows.

Do not think me now "New-bold,"
 For "Relyea" this tale must be told.
 Or had the blue-eyed "Stevenson"
 Up and sung an even-song,
 With honoured president, "Mil Johnson,"
 The success of this would have been bouncing.
 There's "Thornton" and "Harris" and "Bennett"
 and "Bailey,"
 Whom for so long we have met daily;
 Each an inspiration has proved,
 To write these lines of undying love.
 Nor do we forget the two little twins,
 "Wolstad" and "Strickland," who have ever been
 Smiling faces and cheer to the heart.
 "Tobin" and "Cochran" have played their part.
 You all know our tiny "Sparrell,"
 Who was never mistaken for a barrel.
 I know this is written pretty quick,
 But we had to have a rhyme for "Riddick,"
 "Sullivan," "Demming," "Jones," and "Burton,"
 All are responsible for this sudden spurt in
 Mental wanderings and brainy fits,
 Which run to "Demmings" and "Jessie Smith."
 The songs which you sing reach toward the
 "West,"

Well through the years remain the best.
 Although we had no "Mensingers,"
 We probably these men aver
 For the "Ward" of this old "Town,"
 With us at this repast sat down.
 Then we have a "Timmerman"
 Who was timid since time began.
 Then you have heard of Captain "Jones"
 With "Hazel" eyes and sturdy bones.
 That "Dietrick" is dainty, we don't deny;
 But if I don't stop, you all will espy.
 Now, St. Michael, bless this bit of lines,
 Or we'll forever more repine.
 Having heeded the "Belle" for dinner,
 The scales will tell we are not grown thinner.
 Now me and my little poem must quit,
 Having played our part at this banquet.
 Add cream and wafers and salads and meat—
 This is an affair 'twill be hard to beat.
 And with the delight of this choice of dishes,
 To dearest classmates, all best wishes.
 When next we're wanting some high-class sport,
 We'll all return to Riverbank Court.

ELSIE GORDON, '14.

Saturday Morning.—We simply cannot get ahead of those Juniors. They are interesting! And the way they know the Faculty! Oh, yes, the students, too! The little take-off was splendidly managed and immensely enjoyed by everyone—even those who suffered. We just couldn't help it! The cheers *from* everybody *for* everybody ended the week.

Here is the poem that was read by a member, to commemorate this eventful week and to bring to our already agreeably overloaded notice, some of the virtues of the "Class One Nine One Four."

When you want a stunt done rightly,
 When you want a grand march sightly,
 When you want a dance so sprightly,
 Come to the Class one nine one four.

We're Black's sonneteering Juniors,
 We're Puffer's gestureering Juniors,
 Hicks's pantomimic Juniors,
 This Class one nine one four.

Do you know, this dear old College
 Offers us a store of knowledge.
 This our critic must acknowledge,
 When he knows our Class "one-four."

Oh, Tripp tells us we are dummies
 In Forensics. Such a bore!
 But in every other subject
 We are winners, "one" and "four."

But here's another story,
 For Prexy says in Oratory
 That we're his pride and glory—
 This Class one nine one four.

Dr. Ward, in language clever,
 Is trying, with keen endeavor,
 From our babyhood to sever
 This Class one nine one four.

When Time, in grand demeanor,
 Has ushered in one year more,
 We will then be full-fledged Seniors—
 The Class one nine one four.

The faculty, in their regime,
 Say such a class they've seldom seen.
Who? Why, of course, they mean
 Our Class one nine one four.

BELLE McMICHAEL.

Arranged for Junior Week.



MAGAZINE BOARD

Emerson College Magazine

Editor-in-Chief, JOHN JAMES ROY

Assistant Editor, JULIE GORE OWENS

Business Manager, ALBERT F. SMITH

Associate Editors

LILLIAN HARTIGAN, '12; LILLIAN CLARK, '13; ISABEL TOBIN, '14; MARION VINCENT, '15

The Emerson College Magazine is issued by the Magazine Association. Its general purpose is to raise the standard of instruction in oratory throughout the country by bringing it into line with the most approved pedagogical methods. It also aims to elevate the literary character of the reading-platform, so that recitals shall become recognized as a vital interpretation of our best English and American authors. It publishes contributions from teachers, authors, graduates and friends of the institution; criticisms of standard and current literature, especially that suitable for platform work; and news of interest in and about the College. Seven numbers are issued during each scholastic year.



Dramatic Art is a high mountain to climb, a heaven-scaling crag. Each day the classes have steadily climbed the rocky path, and a few have caught a faint glimpse of the summit in the distance. The tumbles have been many and the cuts sharp, but each time they have risen with a spirit more determined to win the goal.

N. K., '13.

A Few Fond Recollections of 1913 Dramatic Art Class

DREAMILY I lay aside my book, and gaze into the embers, glowing red upon the grate; and Fancy with swift wings soon bears me back to dear old E. C. O., pausing just inside the great folding doors where our most dreaded, yet best loved, class was held. Ah, me, those days!

Now, Fancy takes me quickly up the narrow stairways and leaves me in a little, well known room. Oh, Little Dressing Room, what scenes could your four bare walls reveal had they the power of speech! The awful scrambles that took place. Methinks again I hear a wail of disappointment from some frantic actress as she gazes on her gown. Oh, Costume Mistress! mind not the wrath descending on thy head! Clatter! Bang! "What's that," I ask myself, and then remember

that below, upon the stage, a desperate Property Mistress is only bringing order out of "conglomerated chaos."

Again, I seem to hear a rush of feet, a swish of skirts, and see a cross, wild, worried face that disappears, then reappears, before me in frantic haste. Yes! Yes! The Captain! The accents of that voice I know too well—shrill, sharp and penetrating, ordering, directing, controlling. An hour hence what different modulations creep into that same high-pitched voice. Turmoil, now, doth reign supreme—wigs, powder boxes, flying hair pins, a buckle lost, a shoe that won't go on, a satin garment much too big for wearer, a lunch that's gobbled on the run. In haste I flee to scenes more tranquil, where nervous youths and maidens are transformed—some turned

to raving beauties; some, old men; others, sports, both red of face and hair; and some fine gentlemen of stylish mien.

There's a last daub of powder,
A last touch of paint,
A wild scramble stageward,
Oh, so scared and so faint.

One last palpitating moment, the curtain is ascending roofward with a squeak, a jerk, and a jolt.

I hear the audience awaiting the entrance, breathlessly, ready to burst into sympathetic tears or hearty laughter; or, horror of horrors! to sit cold and unresponsive and critical.

The embers burn lower and lower in the grate and as I watch them die out, one by one, a panorama of the plays we were in passes before me. "Pygmalion and Galatea" appear and I see the beautiful statue come to life at Pygmalion's call. Then the burning jealousy of fair Cynisca, after whose features the statue has been so lovingly wrought, and her revenge in causing Pygmalion to become blind; and at the last the reunion of husband and wife by Galatea's return to her pedestal.

This picture flickers out and "Ingomar" stands before me, bold, ferocious barbarian that he is, but his ferocity gradually slips away, and he is now the brave and daring man whose heart is warmed with the purity of a woman's love. Here my thoughts trail off—

With a start, I become conscious that "Gringoire" is standing haughty, defiant before the cunning and crafty King Louis, awaiting his death sentence. My heart warms again toward Gringoire as it did when first I beheld him.

There is a dropping of embers and a little tongue of flame leaps up, and I see in its midst "David Garrick," brilliant, witty, polished, sweeping all before him by the rush of his own personality. I follow him from scene to scene and I am just on the point of seeing him win his beloved Ada, when the flame grows brighter.

"Nance Oldfield" now fairly leaps before me. What a woman she is! Laughter again shakes me as I see her waving her red bedroom-slippered foot in mid air, and then, as if resentful of my mirth, she vanishes away with the smoke.

But no time is left to mourn the loss of this fair vision, for another scene now

holds me spellbound, and I again realize how clever a woman can be when "She Stoops to Conquer." So real are the characters, I stretch out my hand to see if they live. Ah, me! the spell is broken, and only little shoots of flame remain.

Long I gaze, wondering what Fancy will show me next; but just as I am about to turn away in despair, I see Sir Peter in powdered wig and long red coat, gazing in surprised horror at Lady Teazle, pretty, proud, defiant. But what need is there to describe "The School for Scandal" as I saw it in the flames?

Nor can I paint the memory of "In the Shadow of the Glen," for you, dear Class of 1913, have probably lived it o'er and o'er again.

"In Honor Bound," the last of all our triumphs seems but the vision of a yesterday.

Here, the curtain descending, breaks my reverie—one end hangs for a full minute caught in mid air, then jolting, jerking, creaking, reaches its goal.

Applause! APPLAUSE!! And then again APPLAUSE!!! Until the hearts of happy, agitated actors are aglow. Then breathlessly, all await the verdict, "Well done," that meant far more than glowing words of praise—but, when, with looks both stern and, shall I say, sarcastic, we heard, "That's all," our hearts went down like lead. But, Class, you know we well deserved it.

* * * * *

I

Let's give three cheers for Mr. Tripp,
Three cheers before we've parted,
For though sometimes we made a slip,
He got the Class well started
Upon the path that leads to fame—
Though mighty "punk" our by-play,
We'll travel onward just the same,
Until we reach the highway.

II

He's fair and square, though hard to please;
And we all loved his classes.
And when he gave a word of praise
'Twas known by lads and lasses
That what they did had been worth while.
Just here, I cannot help but smile,
It needs no words but— (dashes.)
But we deserved it all, I we'en,
For we, I fear, were very green.

DOCIA DODD, '13.

“Pantomime”

“His clear and eloquent blood so distinctly
wrought
That one might almost say his body thought.”

WITH this motto written across her prow, the good ship *Pantomime* set off on her voyage of Exploration and Accomplishment last September. Her Captain, a very able person, though she seemed so small for so large a ship, was no other than our Mrs. Hicks. The crew was made up of the Juniors of Emerson College. There were very few passengers, and these changed as the ship drew into port every Friday and Saturday.

The *Pantomime* sailed into many different channels and seas, and touched at various islands and seaport towns. In the beginning of her trip she spent some time cruising among the islands known as “The Groups” and “The Individuals.”

As the ship sailed farther and farther away, she grew more venturesome, and before Christmas had crept down upon her, she found herself anchored for a couple of months’ stay in the scenic harbors of “The Taming of the Shrew.”

Throughout the whole voyage Captain Hicks weekly drilled her subordinates in the art of bodily expression. “Kid-joy” was a special drill which she never failed to put them through. In order to be prepared for enemies, the Captain saw to it that the sailors were all able to “Advance in Attack” and to “Retreat.”

Very often the entire crew would be seen standing about the decks in puzzled attitudes, as though vainly endeavoring to solve some difficult problems. Flashes of intelligence would rapidly cross their faces as they thought they saw an answer to their troubles. These would be followed by looks of disappointment as they discovered their line of thought was wrong. But a smile of victory always crowned their efforts, for invariably an easy solution was discovered before they thought very long.

Before it was time to commence her homeward voyage, *Pantomime* became very courageous, and dared to sail straight for the Continents of “Originality.” She worked her way in and out among the icebergs and rocks of “Desperation” and “Disappointment,” and floated bravely up to the wharf of “Presentation.”

After anchoring there for some time, she turned about and headed joyously for home. *Pantomime* is now nearing the “Straits of Examination.” Our good wishes are with her, and we hope the winds of “Success” will carry her safely through them into the home harbor.

It is not to be questioned that the *Pantomime* crew accomplished things, for who could help it under the excellent leadership of such a person as Captain Hicks!

JEAN E. WEST, '14.



Pantomime

ONE would have thought at the beginning of our Pantomime Course, that the *nature* we imitated was most curiously made. It took only a little practice for us to learn that the fault was in our lack of co-ordination.

Our first problem was to shake off the shackles of dignity and grown-upishness and turn our minds backward to childhood, when complete abandonment took possession of the body. An observer would have said, by our imitation of "kid joy," that most of us were many miles down the line of life from the station of youth.

That this had been accomplished, was demonstrated in "The Revelry" scene from "Twelfth Night," and "The Country House" scene from "Taming of the Shrew." The drinkers in "Twelfth Night" showed great imagination and *complete abandonment*. It needed no ghost from the grave to tell us that the servants of Petruchio displayed a marked improvement in detail characterization. The study of affection was clearly revealed in the "Sheep Shearing" scene from "Winter's Tale," while repulsion and will was most marked in the "Play Scene" of Hamlet.

We owe much to Pantomime for breaking open the shell and unveiling to each, another self.

B. McM., '14.

The Post-Graduate Play

THE mid-winter Post-Graduate Play has proved to be one of the greatest dramatic events of the school year. In accordance with the custom of the last few years, the play presented was one of the best of old English comedies. Chapman's "All Fools" certainly demands a high order of work to reveal all its brilliancy and subtlety. But, giving all due credit to Mr. Tripp for his direction and to the individual members of the cast, the play as presented fulfilled every demand, displaying finished artistic work.

D. E., '13.

"The Stunts"

SENIORS

ON the morning of November twenty-first, nineteen hundred twelve, the student-body and friends of Emerson

College of Oratory were delighted by the lifting of the veil of the future by Evelyn Rees Norcross, in the original fantasy, "The Emersonian White House."

The audience was allowed for a brief space to gaze enthusiastically upon Emersonian Women as perfected congressional members and executive officers, steering the "Ship of State" with ease and poise, on a voyage of clear sailing; the municipal oil having been poured upon the waves of national problems by woman's hand, until calm had prevailed in the political sea.

Words of sparkling wit, rippling humor, and grave wisdom fell from the lips of those Emerson-trained "Leaders of the Nation."

It was a most clever, worthy, and entertaining "Stunt," and we bestow a laurel wreath upon the Senior Class of 1913.

JUNIORS

THE student-body and friends of Emerson College of Oratory, on December seventh, nineteen hundred twelve, were led by the Junior Class back into the mythology of the Greeks. They followed eagerly the wanderings of "Endymion."

The eye was charmed by the grace of motion, the ear was pleased by the rhythm of the lines and the imagination was stimulated by the old Greek ideas, until all felt that they had been transported to those olden days.

It was a very artistic and pleasing "Stunt." We pay homage to the high standard of work reached by the Class of 1914.

FRESHMEN

THE student-body and friends of Emerson College of Oratory, on December nineteenth, nineteen hundred twelve, were more than pleased with the episodes which Marion F. Vincent depicted in her original sketch, "When Pat Came Home."

The characters moved and spoke with reality, the songs and dances brightened and cheered, while the spirit of the whole carried the audience with enthusiasm to the end.

The swing, the freedom, the clever work, and the achievement reflects great credit upon the Class of 1915.

H. B. C., '12.



PHI MU GAMMA PLAY

Commencement Program

Baccalaureate Sermon, REV. ALLEN A. STOCKDALE

DEBATE

MISS AMELIA GREEN
MISS JOSEPHINE PENICK

MISS HELEN LEAVITT
MISS MARY SHAMBACH

PHYSICAL CULTURE AND GREEK DANCE

MISS BRACKETT
MISS BUCKHOUT
MISS CAREY
MISS CARLEN
MISS CODY
MISS DALTON
MISS DODD

MISS DURGIN
MISS FAULKNER
MISS GOSS
MISS GUNDERSON
MISS GREEN, G.
MISS HINCKLEY
MISS HUBBARD

MISS MACDONALD, CLARA
MISS MACGREGOR
MISS MATHESON
MISS PARSELEY
MISS RICE
MISS THEISEN
MISS WESTCOTT

PANTOMIME

HELEN BREWER	The Dreamer
ALICE PEARSON	The Princess Truth
MRS. SAFFORD	The Giant Doubt
MISS KINGSBURY	Suspicion
MISS MOOREHEAD	The Priest
MISS GORMAN	The Pedagogue
MISS DALTON	The Clown
MISS ELDERDICE	Fallacy
MISS FELKER	King Dwarf
MISS HINCKLEY	Faith, the Blind Girl
Satyrs, Fairies, Bats, Dwarfs								

SENIOR RECITALS

MISS BUCKHOUT
MISS FAULKNER

MISS GREEN, G.
MISS MACGREGOR

MR. PUTNAM
MISS THEISEN

SENIOR PLAY

"The Adventure of Lady Ursula"

MISS AUNE	.	.	Mrs. Fenton	MISS BLANCHETTE	.	.	Quilton
MISS BROWN	.	.	Rev. Mr. Blimboe	MISS ESMOND	.	.	Miss Fenton
MISS FERRIS	.	.	Mr. Dent	MISS HARRIS	.	.	Earl of Hassenden
MISS HUTCHINSON	.	.	Mills	MISS NEWTON	.	.	Lady Ursula Barrington
MISS MACLEAN	.	.	Sir Robert Clifford	MISS OELKERS	.	.	Mr. Ward
MISS WIGGINS	.	.	Servant	MISS WALTON	.	.	Mr. Castleton
			MISS WILLIS				Sir George Sylvester

CLASS DAY EXERCISES

MISS AMELIA GREEN, Salutatorian
MR. FREDERICK DIXON, Orator
MISS DOCIA DODD, Poet
MISS LILLIAN CLARK, Historian
MISS MARTHA L. CAREY, Ode

POST GRADUATES

Readers

MISS BALL
MISS BENT

MRS. CHURCHIL
MISS DALY

MISS WALTER
MISS WATTS

"Much Ado About Nothing"

MISS WALTERS	.	.	Don Pedro	MISS KECK	.	.	Dogberry
MISS CASE	.	.	Don John	MISS WATTS	.	.	Verges
MISS HARTIGAN	.	.	Claudio	MISS DALY	.	.	Sexton
MISS CLARK	.	.	Benedict	MISS WHITAKER	.	.	First Watch
MRS. CHURCHILL	.	.	Leonato	MISS KECK	.	.	Messenger
MISS BLACK	.	.	Antonio	MISS ALBERTSON	.	.	Hero
MISS WELSH	.	.	Conrade	MISS BENT	.	.	Beatrice
MISS COAD	.	.	Borachio	MISS BLACK	.	.	Margaret
MISS BALL	.	.	Friar Francis	MISS SULLIVAN	.	.	Ursula



J.E.S.

Fencing

"Ahlas you let him keep no companie
nor allow him
Money to spend at fence and dancing-school."

This is a charge brought against Gostanzo in Chapman's notable play of "All Fools."

A like charge can not be laid at the door of Emerson College of Oratory. Here every provision is made for both. Fencing especially is held out as a choice morsel at the top of the ladder; a final test of the co-ordination of mind and muscle.

In this form of recreation you are first required to provide yourself with a uniform of unique design, which brings in its wake a certain sensation of luxury or otherwise, according to atmospheric conditions. Having donned this uniform,

you are at once introduced to and required to familiarize yourself with a muscular co-ordination entirely novel and somewhat troublesome. Your feet are so placed as to form the boundary line of two sides of an imaginary square, knees well bent and equally, also continually. The left hand is held over the head and in the right is grasped the weapon of offence and defense—the foil—*always* remembering to hold it in line with the forearm and pointed approximately at your opponent's eye.

Three-quarters of an hour spent under these conditions sends you out with a realization of muscular activity that the study of physiology can only hint at.

A. B., '12.

Basketball

THE wild enthusiasm, which flows through the veins of the average athletic girl, over a basketball game, does not approach animated interest in our College. Our gymnasium work stands for normal bodily development and is adapted to the æsthetic side of our work. Occasionally, however, the ball is brought forth and short games are indulged in, but no teams are formed.

We have some champion players in our ranks, such as Miss Amelia Green and Miss Brewer, who with a Mercurian purchase on terra firma, can, from any

part of the field, throw a ball that will swish majestically through the air and fall gracefully into the basket. The rest of us spend most of our time collecting ourselves from the floor and finding our places.

Doubtless, if basketball practice were pursued more definitely, the Emerson girl, despite her dramatic temperament, could compete favorably with other college girls in this splendid game; but the advisability of such a movement is argued, from various points of view.

L. L. C., '13.





Students' Association

President
Vice-President
Secretary-Treasurer

MARY ELLEN SHAMBACH
MARY WESTAWAY SAFFORD
ALLENE BUCKHOUT

Students' Council

HELENA BRADFORD CHURCHILL, '12
EDNA DELPHIN CASE, '12
ALBERTA FRANCES BLACK, '12
AMELIA MYRL GREEN, '13
LAURA ELIZABETH BELL, '13
DOCIA DODD, '13

MILDRED ELEANOR JOHNSON, '14
ELSIE MAE GORDON, '14
ETHEL VIENNA BAILEY, '14
ALBERT FRANCIS SMITH, '15
MARGUERITE ALBERTA GRUNEWALD, '15
HARRIET MAY BROWN, '15

Board of Directors of the Endowment Association

EBEN CHARLTON BLACK
CHARLES WINSLOW KIDDER

WILLIAM G. WARD
HARRY SEYMOUR ROSS
ARTHUR ALLEN STOCKDALE

ON APRIL, 1908, the students of Emerson College organized themselves into a Students' Association, the object being to control all and only such things as pertain to the student-body as a whole, and in this way to make the true Emerson spirit more keenly felt among the students, and to further the interests of the College.

The Association is officered by a President, a Vice-President, Secretary-Treasurer, and the Students' Council. This Council consists of three officers of the Association as officer *ex-officio*, and twelve other members, three from each

class. Regular monthly meetings are held by the Council and here plans are discussed and recommended that help the student-body, as a whole, and also the Alma Mater. Though quietly, the Council has been working effectively this year.

The Emerson College Magazine, which is published once a month throughout the year, is under the control of the Association which has also had charge of the College Year Book, THE EMERSONIAN, during the last three years. It is really the unifying element of all the students of the College.



Young Women's Christian Association

OFFICERS AND CABINET

President	J. M. MATHESON
Vice-President	F. C. STILES
Secretary-Treasurer	P. A. PARSLEY
Devotional Committee	E. D. CASE
Extension Committee	N. F. WALTER
Membership Committee	L. L. CLARK
Social Committee	M. E. SHAMBACK
Music Committee	I. M. MACGREGOR
Room Committee	E. N. SMART
Association-News Committee	J. D. DODD
Visiting Committee	M. A. CODY

Y. W. C. A.

The Quiet Hour at Emerson

"Come ye apart and rest awhile"

SPEAKERS AND SUBJECTS

September 28	Miss Dupree	"Prison Life in Philadelphia"
October 1	Rally Day	Membership Thermometer—20
October 4	Mrs. Southwick	"The Content of the Ideal"
October 18	Mr. Locke	"Civic Service Work"
October 25	Miss M. J. Corbett	"Getting Acquainted with Jesus"
November 1	Rally Day	Membership Thermometer—40
November 8	Mrs. E. C. Black	"Prayer"
November 15	Miss M. Brown	"Modern Missionary Work"
November 22	Miss K. B. George	"Seeking for Truth"
December 1	Rally Day	Membership Thermometer—80
December 18	Mrs. A. A. Stockdale	"The Christmas Message"
January 1	Rally Day	Membership Thermometer—85
January 10	Dr. A. A. Stockdale	"Taking a New Aim"
January 24	Mrs. J. E. Southwick	"The Value of an Organization"
January 31	Miss S. Matthews	"The Y. W. C. A. from a Larger Viewpoint"
February 1	Rally Day	Membership Thermometer—90
February 8	Rev. Mr. Scott	"A Day at a Time"
February 21	Miss K. E. Hall	"Girls in Spain"
March 1	Rally Day	Membership Thermometer—100
March 14	Miss G. McQuesten	"Responsibilities"
March 28	Mrs. M. G. Hicks	"Confidence"
April 11	Mrs. J. Y. Duryea	"World Brotherhood"
April 18	Rev. S. C. Lang	"The Joy of Jesus"

SOCIAL EVENTS

September 23	Reception for Students
October 10	Y. W. C. A. Night at Emerson
February 14	Intercollegiate Tea

CANADIAN



CLUB.

JES

Officers

ISABEL MACGREGOR	President	LAURA CURTIS	Vice-President
MAUD RELYEA	Secretary	MARY CODY	Treasurer

Members

1912

ABBIE BALL

1913

JEAN MACLATCHY	ISABEL MACGREGOR	JESSIE MATHESON
ETHELWYN CUNNINGHAM	MARY CODY	AMELIA GREEN
IDA LESLIE	BERTHA GORMAN	MAUDE MACLEAN

1914

LAURA CURTIS	MAUD RELYEA	JENNIE WINDSOR
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1915

FRANCIS BRADLEY

In Facultate

AGNES KNOX BLACK	ELSIE RIDDELL	MRS. HARRY SEYMOUR ROSS
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The Canadian Club 1912-1913

In September we were glad to welcome five new members, which swelled our numbers to fourteen.

Our little Club has stood shoulder to shoulder, aimed at something and accomplished it.

For the first time, our Club has been identified with a local organization, becoming affiliated with the "Woman's Auxiliary of the Boston Canadian Club," and has in this way enjoyed various social functions.

In February the "Emerson members" gave a Program at the Club Rooms to the Woman's Auxiliary and their men friends, which was much appreciated.

During the year several of our girls have given teas, and these afforded means of a more intimate acquaintance.

At various times we have been entertained

by the Harvard Canadian Club, and we returned this hospitality by being "At Home" to our friends at the Copley Plaza on March 15. Mrs. Harry Ross and Mrs. Charlton Black were the hostesses on this occasion.

Some new pins have been secured in Club colors, red and gold, and bearing the letters, E. C. C.

We have plans in mind, to prove our interest is not only Canadian but Emersonian, which we hope to bring to fruition ere the year closes. As ten of the Club members are Seniors and Post-graduates, to carry on the work begun there must needs be a strong reinforcement next fall. It will be the aim of each graduate to send a substitute to fill her little part played in the Emersonian field.

I. L. M.



SORORITIES





Delta Delta Phi

Founded in 1901

Chapter Roll

Alpha
Beta
Gamma

New York Froebel Normal
Chicago Kindergarten College
Emerson College of Oratory

Honorary Members

HENRY LAWRENCE SOUTHWICK
WALTER BRADLEY TRIPP
CHARLES WINSLOW KIDDER

MRS. CHARLES W. KIDDER
WILLIAM G. WARD
MRS. WILLIAM G. WARD

HARRIET C. SLEIGHT

Associate Member

MRS. JESSIE ELDRIDGE SOUTHWICK

Active Members

1912
OLIVE CLARK

1913
RHEA E. ASHLEY
LILLIAN AUNE
ALICE ESMOND
ABBIE M. FOWLER

VERA McDONALD
HELEN LEAVITT

1914
GERALDINE JACOBI

1915
JULIE OWENS
RUTH SOUTHWICK

Chapter House, 39 St. Stephen Street, Boston, Mass.

Δ Δ Φ





Kappa Gamma Chi

Charter granted 1902

Colors—Green and White

Flower—Lily-of-the-Valley

Honorary Members

MRS. WILLIAM HOWLAND KENNY

MISS LILIA ESTELLE SMITH

MRS. HARRY SEYMOUR ROSS

MRS. EDWIN MORSE WHITNEY

Active Members

1913

ALICE FAULKNER

ELIZABETH BEATTIE

EVELYN OELKERS

1914

MILDRED JOHNSON

ANASTASIA SCRIBNER

MADELEINE TARRANT

FERN STEVENSON

FLORENCE STILES

BLANCHE FISHER

1915

MINNIE FRAZINE

GEORGETTE JETTE

LAURA MEREDITH

GENEVIEVE MCGILL

MARGUERITE GRUNWALD

HELEN SMITH

KAPPA GAMMA CHI was founded in 1892. At the time of its organization there were several Chapters in the large colleges, but when sororities were abolished, they were discontinued. At present, the only other Chapter in existence is in Ohio Wesleyan. Because of the difference in character of the two remaining Chapters, they do not entertain an intersorority relationship.

The Gamma Chapter has a strong and

enthusiastic alumnæ, which expects and demands the highest and best standard for its active members. We feel this responsibility has been potent in making the society count as a valuable asset to the school.

At Emerson, the Kappas have endeavored to be an active force for the welfare of every member, thus creating a unit of strength in the upbuilding of our College.





Phi Mu



Gamma

Founded October 17, 1898, at Hollins, Va.

Colors—Turquoise Blue and Black Flowers—Pink Rosebuds and Forget-Me-Nots Jewel—Pearl

Active Chapters

Hollins Institute, Hollins, Va.	Judson College, Marion, Ala.
Brenan College, Gainesville, Ga.	Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, Mass.
Miss Graham's School, New York, N. Y.	Centenary College, Cleveland, Tenn.
Veltin School, New York, N. Y.	Shorter College, Rome, Ga.
Newcomb College, New Orleans, La.	Woman's College, Montgomery, Ala.
New England Conservatory, Boston, Mass.	

Alumnæ Chapters

Alpha—Birmingham, Ala.	Epsilon—Valdosta, Ga.	Theta—Fort Worth, Texas
Beta—Oceola, Fla.	Zeta—Shreveport, La.	Iota—Gainesville, Ga.
Gamma—New York City	Eta—Central Alabama	Kappa—Atlanta, Ga.
Delta—Hattiesburg, Miss.		Lambda—New Orleans, La.

Iota Chapter

Active Members

1912

MARGUERITE R. ALBERTSON

LILLIAN R. HARTIGAN

1913

DISA BRACKETT HELEN BREWER LEILA DOROTHY HARRIS RUTH M. WEST

1914

DOROTHEA DEMING FLORENCE NEWBOLD DORIS C. SPARRELL
BERTHA McDONOUGH SUE W. REDDICK KETURAH G. STOKES

1915

EMILY F. BROWN E. CAROLYN JONES THEODOSIA PEAK
BEATRICE PERRY MARION F. VINCENT

Members — Honorary

HONORARY

MISS H. C. SLEIGHT MRS. E. C. BLACK MRS. M. G. HICKS
MRS. F. L. WHITNEY MR. W. B. TRIPP PRES. H. L. SOUTHWICK

IN URBE

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Chapter House, 177 St. Botolph Street

IN 1907, the local Alpha Tau Lambda joined a national sorority and Iota Chapter of the Phi Mu Gamma became established. It has grown stronger and more firmly established each year.

At the annual convclave held at Old Point Comfort, Virginia, Miss Lillian Hartigan was elected a member of the Grand Council. Miss Maud Fiske was appointed one of the editors of the sorority magazine, *The Argaliad*.

Each Chapter of the Phi Mu Gamma is required to do some philanthropic work. Iota maintains a Post Graduate Scholarship Fund, and for this cause a play is given annually.

The weekly meetings and social functions make the path of duty a little easier to tread, but the true aim of every Phi Mu Gamma is to live up to her sorority's ideals and thus make the Chapter a moral and intellectual force in our College.

$$\Phi_{M\Gamma}$$





Zeta Phi Eta

Founded in 1892

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Flower—La France Rose

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Beta

Cummock School of Oratory, Chicago

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1915

HAZEL G. CALL

C. JEAN MACDONALD

Chapter House, Hemenway Chambers

Zeta Phi Eta

ON March nineteenth of the year nineteen hundred and eight, the Phi Eta Sigma Sorority of Emerson affiliated with Zeta Phi Eta of Cummock School of Oratory in Evanston, Ill. They were made the Alpha Chapter of that Sorority.

Just before the Phi Eta Sigma became the Zeta Phi Eta, the former established a custom which they left as a heritage to their new sisterhood. Every year this custom has been carefully observed, and the result is a reference library of very worthy note.

The books presented to the College have been chosen very carefully, and among others is a very well known set of Shakespeare. Reference books have been made a special study.

As the number of books increased, it became necessary to have a separate case for them, and in nineteen hundred and twelve the out-going girls of Zeta Phi Eta left a lovely mahogany book case as a token of their love for their Alma Mater.

Zeta Phi Eta is an earnest co-worker with all Emersonians, and she hopes and strives for their success in every line.





Phi Alpha Tau

ALPHA CHAPTER

Founded at Emerson College of Oratory, 1902

Chapter Roll

Alpha	Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, Mass.
Beta	University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.
Gamma	University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Neb.
Delta	Leland Stanford University, Berkeley, Cal.
Epsilon	University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn.

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RICHARD BURTON, PH. D.	EDWIN WHITNEY
ALLEN ARTHUR STOCKDALE	



College Events

September	27	Freshman Hazing
October	26	Junior Hallowe'en Dance
October	19	Senior Class Dance
October	10	Y. W. C. A. Reception
November	21	Senior Stunt
December	7	Junior Stunt
December	12	Bungalow Dance (Seniors)
December	18	Junior Auction Sale
		Riverbank Court Dance
March	24-29	Junior Week
March	28	Junior Prom, Copley Plaza
April	10	Freshman Dance, Richards Hall
April	12	Inter-Sorority Dance, Whitney Hall



The Alumni

Officers of the Alumni Association

CHARLES WINSLOW KIDDER	<i>President</i>
MARY L. SHERMAN	<i>Vice-President</i>
MRS. PRISCILLA C. PUFFER	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>

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JESSIE E. SOUTHWICK, '85	CHARLES W. PAUL, '97
MINNIE TAPLEY MILLER, '87	THERESA KIDDER, '98
LILIA E. SMITH, '89	STELLA RIPLEY MACKENZIE, '02
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 Emerson College Club of Minneapolis
 Emerson College Club of Chicago
 Emerson College Club of New York
 Emerson College Club of Boston
 Emerson College Club of Rhode Island
 Emerson College Club of Syracuse, N. Y.
 Emerson College Club of Los Angeles

To the Alumni

WE ALWAYS have news of our Alumni in the Magazine, so it is almost unnecessary to say much about them here; though we can all agree that any news concerning those who represent us in the world is welcomed with pleasure.

We all have friends among the Alumni, else how should we be here? And it is indeed an inspiration to us, who hope some day to be Alumni, to hear of the work done by the different organizations.

It shows that the spirit of Emerson does not end with the graduation of the student, but continues in his life afterwards and is kept alive by association with the nearest group of Emersonians that have banded together for that purpose.

We hear of the different groups, also, through the Endowment Association. For, you know,

we are all working toward one end in that movement, and it does not remain in the active College members alone, but in those who would be thereby benefited, to work to their best ability for the accomplishment of so worthy a purpose.

There are those of the Alumni who, though they are not affiliated with any one organization of them, are plodding their ways through the world just the same and making good, too. We like to hear of them sometimes, for Emerson is always back of us and interested in us wherever we are or whoever we may be.

And then at the Reunions of Commencement, what a time there is. They come back from all over the country and the greetings of the old friends are indeed a revelation of the feelings that will always exist between everyone, even though we meet but seldom, because we have been through Emerson together.

FUN



If these jokes don't
Appeal to you,
Why didn't you
Write us up a few?

FRESHMEN: Pathfinders.
JUNIORS: Deer (dear) slayers.
SENIORS: The Pioneers.
POST GRADS: The Last of the Mohicans.
ALUMNI: The Prairie.

Apropos of Romeo in love with Love:
"He was an Englishman and he was
much in love. He vowed, 'I cawn't
sleep, cawn't eat, cawn't do anything,
Domn it!' " Please drawl——!

Her pa heard her give the P. G. yell,
For joy he could not speak.
He murmured, "Mother, listen
To our darling talking Greek."

She was a constant matinee goer and
that is why she confused the shows, but
she said she had seen "The Garden of
Disraeli."

Expression—Unnecessary to evolution.
Magazine—Prompt and interesting.
Elocution—Newly coined word.
Rehearsals—Many and lengthy.
Sororities—Universal brotherhood.
Omar Khayyam—Fully comprehended.
Noise—A graceful stage fall.

She called up Hayden's and asked,
"Why haven't our costumes arrived?"

HAYDENS—What were they for, 'The
School for Scandal'?

GIRL (indignantly)—No, indeed, for
the Emerson College of Oratory!

Cupid—A foreign body.
O—A tongue vowel.
Lessons—First thoughts.
Laziness—An unknown quantity.
Engagements—Warranted not to break.
Gesture—A thing of beauty.
Exams—A joy forever.

"Why are you putting on that kind of
make-up?"

"I want to dye young."

A Recital Class: A lesson in abandon—
Dodd and Durgin, pupils.

Instruction given by teacher to stand
before the class, hand in hand, and shout
something very shocking.

RESPONSE—What the devil do we
care!

If Cicero had nerve, Caesar had Gaul.

DAY AFTER PROM

MISS FLIRTATIOUS—We were in the
balcony all alone, and he told me how
they won that game—a regular dramatic
narrative.

SOURGRAPES—Did he *hold* his audi-
ence?

Whom did Hilda and Leila Harris?

GRADUATE—When shall we ever be-
come acquainted with Rossetti?

FRESHMAN—Can't someone give an
afternoon tea so all the girls can meet
him?

She was making up for the play but
she looked so dejected over it that some-
one observed, "What's the matter?
What are you in?"

"Why, I am in 'The Shadow of the
Glen.' "

Lives of editors remind us

That their lives are not sublime;
And they have to work like thunder
To get the book out in time.

Had to **W**ork on an Essay
Had to practice
Had to pla**Y** for a rehearsal

Had **T**o go shopping
Had a **H**eadache
Had to cram for an **E**xam
Had the **Y**ear Book to do

Had no alarm **C**lock
Had **L**ines to learn
Had **A** date with (?)
Had to "**Su**pe" with Mantell
Had caller**S**
Had to eat my br**E**akfast
Had to **S**ee *him*

Had to go to the **C**ostumers
Had to get some l**U**nch
Had a ma**T**inee date

NOTICE

Anyone interested in Ancient History should read some of the notices on the bulletin board.

HELEN (in tears [?])—Mr. Kenny hurt my feelings awfully today.

GIRLS—How?

HELEN—He told me to hum an 'n' and when I did, he said it sounded like 'ell.'

Ara's Bible Study—"And the churches were filled with cannibals" (candles).

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

She—No we don't guarantee anything. Have you tried shaving?

Thinker—We know of no remedy for your ability to think while on your feet. If you do not apologize for it, it will probably not be noticed.

Diligence—The first step in pursuing your studies diligently is to get behind in them.

A RECIPE FOR KISSES

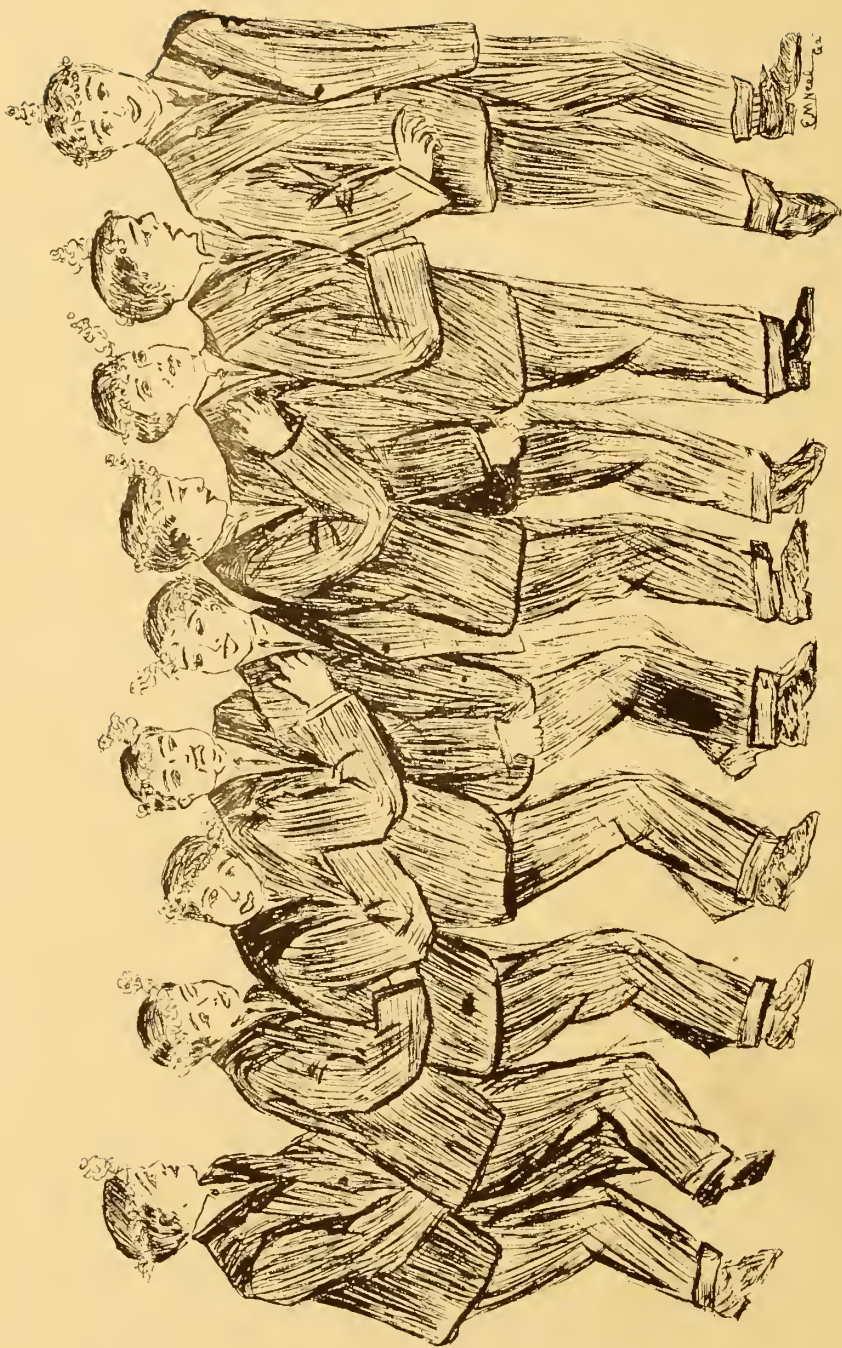
To one piece of dark piazza add a little moonlight; take for granted two people; press in two strong ones, a small, soft hand; sift lightly two ounces of attraction and one of romance; add a large measure of jollity; stir in a floating ruffle and one or two whispers; dissolve one-half dozen glances in a well of silence; a small quantity of hesitation; one ounce of resistance; place kisses on a flushed cheek and set aside to cool. It will succeed in any climate if directions are carefully followed.

JUST A DITTY

A classic play
(So runs my lay),
The lead, a fair-haired girl.
Her rôle, a man,
All spick and span,
In coal-black wig, a-curl.
A long applause
And glad ha-has—
In dramatics she had won.
The curtain down,
She smiles all roun',
But the real play'd just begun.
She doffed the wig,
Changed her rig,
Went home and wrote her mother.
Some weeks went by;
With tear in eye,
The poor girl wrote another.
One parasite,
With main and might,
Had grown to fearful numbers.
The awful gain
Drove her near insane,
And kept her from her slumbers.
At last a friend
Was induced to lend
A helping hand in the cause.
A druggist's prescription,
A comb of fine description,
And search without a pause.
When conquered at last,
To another cast,
This lady, Tripp did assign.
So she brought her wig home,
Used larkspur and comb;
But *before* not *after* this time.

Does Albert Lovejoy?

What did Marion Grant?



Our Co=Eds

The preparation for the Van Dyke Recital program was a failure and in chagrin, Disa, the captain, announced, "No one else has anything ready, but I can give you a 'Handful of Clay.'"

They were working on their stage plot, when one sighed, "Now everything has been properly located but where shall I put the soft music?"

"Somewhere near the slow curtain, I think."

A bunch of E. C. O. girls occupied second balcony, first row center, Shubert Theatre. One girl, having a cramp in her toe, removed her shoe. It was hastily confiscated by one of the party and sent along the line. Later, a search for the shoe resulted in its discovery among the wraps of a stranger, who embarrassingly asked, "Why, how did it get here?" The owner explained, "You see, it's a Walk-Over."

She was seldom prepared for Recitals, but her last effort suggested good intent. It was entitled "Work."

"Helen, how much did your 'Moral Education' cost?"

H.—"A dollar sixty."

"Oh, it doesn't cost that in Halifax."

She was rehearsing her business for blind Pygmalion and stood before her mirror with her eyes tightly closed. Thus her room mate found her and asked, "What are you doing, anyway?" Surprised and realizing her foolish act, she stammered out, "Why,—trying to see how I look with my eyes shut."

A notice on the Bulletin Board read as follows:

"Wanted, by a Saturday student, the return of the fountain pen borrowed by a 'regular' whose name and face I can't recall."

Beneath it was found written later: "I borrowed your pen, but how am I to know who you are?"

When an awful crash preceded one of the "Shrew" scenes, Mr. Tripp was heard to remark, "It takes a lot of noise to tame that Shrew."

They were rehearsing the tomb scene in "Romeo and Juliet" and every kiss was punctuated with a giggle. In desperation, he begged, "Don't mind me. Try to think it's Romeo."

SHE—"Oh, I don't care who it is."

A FEW ON THE FACULTY

Dean Ross was lecturing on Keats and Shelley. But in a moment of confusion, he found himself expatiating on Sheats and Kelly.

Mr. Kidder in Acoustics:—"Now, take for example, a homely physical illustration. Here's Miss C—— right on the front row—."

Dr. Ward in self defense:—"Don't you ever believe anything bad about me, for confound it, there are 2,000 W. G. Wards in this world, so give me that many chances."

The height of Mr. Tripp's disgust:—" 'Pooh, pooh' three times and two 'Tuts.' "

THREE GIRLS TALKING

Miss B.—"Oh, girls! George brought me the loveliest gas lamp. Wasn't that sweet of him?"

Miss C.—"I gas so!"

Miss L.—"Shady thing, but it casts some light on the subject."

Trying to make out the hieroglyphics commonly known as stage directions, "Well! What *does* L. E. R. mean?"

EARNEST STUDENT—"Why—er—the left end of the right door, of course!"

THE MORNING OF EXAM

ONE GIRL—"Can you remember anything about this?"

THE OTHER (in desperation)—"Nope, my memory's a thing of the past."

THREE GIRLS CONVERSING

ONE—"Don't be so dic-dic-dictatorial."

ANOTHER—"Why so much emphasis on the 'dic'?"

THE OTHER—"You know, she's interested in Richard."



FINIS

PH 13

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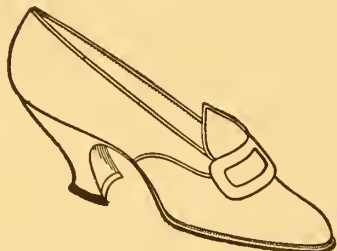


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